The Elks Magazine



OCTOBER, 1935

CENTRAL EDITION

Edwin B. Dooley on "The Psychology of Football"



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FRIENDS FOUND ITS FLAVOR SUPERB

. . . and soon the distillery at Mount Vernon had to be enlarged



AMONG the fond recollections of guests at Mount Vernon, after George Washington's retirement to private life, was a superbly mellow rye whiskey.

This rye was distilled at Mount Vernon under the skilled hand of James Anderson, the General's chief overseer, who had learned the art in Scotland.

Originally the distillery had been built as a matter of economy to convert the surplus rye harvests into spirits—which were an important adjunct to good hospitality in those days of chilly houses.

But so excellent was the whiskey, so many begged the privilege of buying a cask or two, that in 1797 Washington directed his secretary Tobias Lear to erect a larger stone distillery on the banks of Dogue Creek which flowed through his estate.

Thus it came about that the flavorous rye, which soon came to be called "Mount Vernon," found its way into neighboring states, and even to England, where it has long been one of the few popular American whiskies.

Mount Vernon Bottled In Bond Straight Rye Whiskey is still produced by the original formula —although the distillery was transferred to Baltimore almost a century ago. And that is why you will relish in it today the same magnificent flavor that was the toast of Washington's friends.

Mount Vernon

Straight Rye Whiskey - Bottled in Bond

Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide NATIONAL DISTILLERS *to Good Whiskey*

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This is What the *Doctors* Do When *They* Don't Feel Up to Par!



ARTIE McGovern

National Amateur Champion Boxer when he was sixteen! Learned science of training in his prize ring days, but realized, after opening his first gym, that he should know more about the workings of the human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 47, he is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

Now the benefits of his remarkable health-building method—(the very same principles of instruction for which hundreds have gladly paid $150.00 and more!) —are available to everyone —at a price anyone can easily afford!

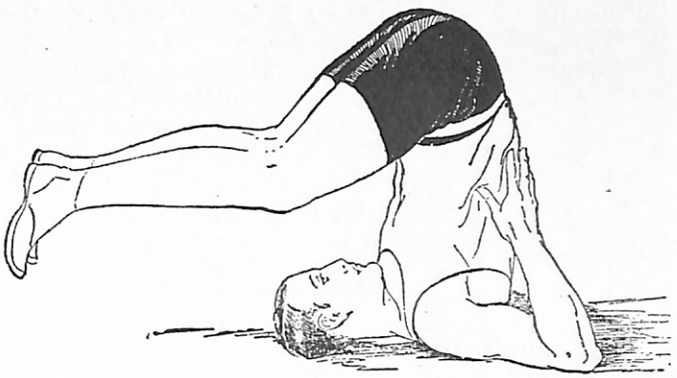
WHY are many of New York's busiest physicians able to stand up under the strain of their gruelling, energy-sapping daily duties? Why are their nerves so steady? How are they able to keep their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of almost endless work in hospitals and calling on patients at home? How do they build up such amazing resistance?

The answer is simple. They follow the same rules for health which are described by Artie McGovern in the new book he has published.

Many of them have not only gone to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York but they have worked side by side with him. They have asked him to become Physical Director for the New York Physicians' Club and have worked with him there.

These doctors are too wise to fall for the strenuous kind of exercise that makes the heart pound like a trip-hammer, and leaves the poor "patient" gasping, dizzy and exhausted. They know *that* kind of exercise does more harm than good and that often it's actually dangerous.

But it isn't only doctors who have benefited by McGovern's safe and sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Marshall Field, 3rd, Walter Lippmann, John J. Raskob, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Grover Whalen, Paul Whiteman, and many others.



Exercises that are Best for You— Should be Done While You're in Bed!

NOTE that the exercise shown above is just the opposite of bending over and touching the ground with your hands. This exercise, while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do. On the other hand, touching your feet with your hands is one of the worst exercises you can do—on a par with taking up trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without drudgery, monotonous drills, or strenuous exercise!



What the McGovern Method Did for Babe Ruth

	Before	After
Weight	260	210
Neck	17½	16½
Chest	48	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49¾	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16¾	16

Do you feel a bit run-down? Are your muscles getting flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you have to take laxatives? Do you have trouble getting to sleep? Do you wake up feeling tired?

If your answer to one or more of these questions is "Yes"—then you owe it to yourself to try the McGovern method so simply described in his new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method that has helped, and is helping today thousands of doctors and men important in public life who must keep fit.

America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!



Johnny Farrell Says:

The McGovern System did more to help me win the championship than any other course I might have tried. I recommend it to anyone who wants to get into perfect physical trim and enjoy himself while doing it!" (Mr. Farrell had been underweight, highly nervous. Through this Method he gained 17 lbs. in 6 weeks. Then he won 5 tournaments in succession, and defeated Bobby Jones in the National Open!)

In his new book, which has just been published, Artie McGovern gives you the real, "de-bunked" truth about exercise, sports and gymnasium workouts. He shoots to pieces many popular fallacies. Instead of these he shows you how you are able to increase your vigor, feel better, increase your resistance, and either lose or gain weight—how to get more enjoyment out of life. In this book you are not regarded as the "average type" of individual. *Instead* your particular problem (depending upon the type of person *you* are) is treated as such. While it is true that general principles apply to all, there are hundreds that apply to some and not to others.



SEND NO MONEY

Try the McGovern Method on This 30-Day Double Guarantee!

The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT deposit with him only $2.00, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once

2. If, after applying for 30 days, the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for *YOU*—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

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Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit". When postman delivers it, I will pay $2, plus few cents postage charges.

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The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

CHARLES SPENCER HART
Business Manager

OCTOBER 1935

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Cover Design by John E. Sheridan

This Month

THE attention of every Elk is called to the announcement on page 5 of this issue. Before you read any of the other features in this Magazine turn to that page. Read the text printed thereon. Think the matter over carefully. And then carry out Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan's request.

Now that the summer is over, the mind of the average man is turning to football. Soon the fans will be crowding the grandstands to watch hardy youths battle over the pigskin. The time therefore is ripe for a football article. So Edwin B. Dooley, well known sports writer and All America Quarterback of Dartmouth, has prepared "The Psychology of Football." You will enjoy reading it, for this article is not only fascinating in itself, but it will also tend to heighten your appreciation of the games you'll see this season.

Your attention is also called to Morgan Farrell's article, "Flight into Peril," as well as to the three stories, "Fingers of Justice," "The Finnerty Label" and "Key West May." The first of these stories is what is known as a "short short." It occupies but two pages in the Magazine and takes but a couple of minutes to read. "Fingers of Justice" is, for all of that, a real, genuinely thrilling story. Moreover, its ending will completely surprise you. "The Finnerty Label" is also heartily recommended, particularly to those who have a warm spot in their hearts for the *Ould Sod*.

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The Master De Luxe Sedan

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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



Joseph T. Fanning, Dean of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Member of Grand Lodge since 1881, Grand Exalted Ruler, 1903-04

As I Said to You at Columbus . . . . .

¶ I call upon you, my brothers, to serve with me in my efforts to increase our membership —to reinstate our worthy brothers and to retain the interest of those who are now upon our rolls.

¶ We need to bring back our indifferent members into participation in Lodge work. We need new members to give life blood to our great fraternity, and I am making this direct appeal to every brother of the Order to get one new member.

¶ In this connection I communicated with every Exalted Ruler requesting that he organize a Joseph T. Fanning Class to be initiated simultaneously throughout the United States on Thursday, the 14th of November. During the evening one of the prominent citizens of our country will broadcast a message to those being initiated in this class which is named in honor of the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers—a member of the Grand Lodge since 1881.

¶ I assume that by this time such a class is being organized in your Lodge. May I in this connection suggest that you particularly seek out men who have youth, vitality and energy. From observations made upon my visits to many Lodges it is pleasing to note that a majority of the candidates are between the ages of 23 and 30. These are the men who 15 years from now will be the leaders in commercial, professional and fraternal life.

¶ Our great Order is not interested in an increased membership by means of drives. I suggest that this, as well as every class initiated during the year, be made one of very careful selection. Certainly there are men in every one of our 1400 Lodge communities who are worthy of membership in our Order.

¶ The number of members in the Joseph T. Fanning Class of each Lodge will be published in a later issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and honorable mention and a special commendation from the Grand Exalted Ruler will be given to those Lodges showing the greatest percentage of increase in new members and reinstatements in proportion to their present membership. From present indications the roll of honor will be a long one.

¶ In conclusion, I ask and appeal to every Elks Lodge in America to institute a Joseph T. Fanning Class on Thursday, the 14th of November.

¶ I request every Secretary to communicate with me on or before November 14th, advising me as to the probable number of members to be initiated.

¶ I have already requested every District Deputy to assist in instituting a class in every Lodge in his district and expect a report from each of them on November 1st relative to the progress made in his jurisdiction.

¶ I urgently appeal to every loyal Elk in America to secure an application blank from his Lodge Secretary today and fill it in with the name of a fine American citizen; a man who will bring credit to our great fraternity and who possesses the cardinal virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

James T. Hallinan,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Fingers of Justice

A Short Short Story
by Herbert Brooks

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



JAKE WEXLER, in the act of pacing the floor, suddenly paused and glared at the blind man's fingers as they moved over the raised characters of the book he had taken from his pocket. Daily, for two weeks, Wexler had watched Robert Tremont at his reading, and he still resented viciously the ease with which the man's sensitive fingers served him in place of the sight he had lost on a battlefield in France.

"You ever going to stop reading that?" he demanded.

Tremont calmly finished a line. Then he raised a face whose youthfulness was in attractive contrast to his prematurely graying hair.

"But this is interesting," he replied. "It's poetry."

"Poetry!" Wexler jeered. "You must've wasted a lot of time to learn to read it that way."

"I had plenty of time," Tremont said, amiably. "I was in the army hospital a long while."

"You would've had to learn to make brooms if your old man didn't have dough."

"I could sell them, anyway," Tremont said, smiling. "At least, I would have no trouble in making change."

"Don't kid me."

"Have you any coins?"

Wexler took a dime from his pocket and dropped it insolently on Tremont's outstretched palm. Slowly the blind man rubbed his fingers over the coin.

"This one is easily identified," he said. "It's a ten-cent piece, dated 1930."

"1930?" Wexler repeated, and bent down to look. "Well, you got that one right."

"Doesn't that prove I wasn't wasting my time in educating these fingers?" Tremont laughed. "You had better watch me. I might yet wreck this perfect crime of yours."

"Not a chance!" Wexler growled. "Here's one snatch that's going through."

"Well, you haven't collected the ransom money yet."

"That's the easiest part," said Wexler. "The Federal men won't make a move 'til you're back home. We've doped this thing all out."

"And then it will be too late." Tremont said, nodding. "There will be no way to trace you. Even if I could describe this basement, there must—"

"Basement!" cried Wexler, staring. "How'd you know that?"

"Gas pipes very rarely enter a house through the living room," said Tremont calmly. "But I suppose there are thousands of basements exactly like this in the city."

For a moment, his nerves frayed by two weeks of strain and anxiety, Wexler looked angrily at his captive; then, with a shrug, he resumed his pacing back and forth.

"Worried?" Tremont asked presently.

To Wexler there was something maddening about the faint



"This one is easily identified," he said. "It's a ten-cent piece, dated 1930. You had better watch me!"

mockery in the query. He halted abruptly beside the other's chair.

"What have I got to be worried about?" he asked harshly of the blind man.

"For one thing, your partner. Remember, he hasn't the brains that you confess to having. Perhaps he has blundered. Perhaps, at this very moment, the police have—"

Wexler's hand, flashing out, dealt a stinging blow across Tremont's mouth. The blind man winced. A red flush spread over his face, and muscles rippled along his jaw. Then, as though alone, he turned to his book. And Wexler, after nervously lighting a cigarette, once more fell into his endless pacing.

Presently there came a soft knocking on the door. He hurried toward it and slid back the bolt.

At the first sight of his partner's face jubilance rose in Wexler's breast; a jubilance that increased as they hid the ransom money in a hollowed-out place in the basement wall; a jubilance that grew to exultation as the two partners drove through the warm darkness with Tremont seated between them.

On a dark side street Wexler brought the car to a stop. Here they thrust Tremont from the machine and sped away. By a zig-zag course they drove back across the city; and half an hour later, in the rear of their favorite restaurant, they were relaxing over coffee and cigarettes.

"It's sure nice to walk around town," Wexler's partner said, "without being afraid some flatfoot with your description will nab you."

"If a man uses his brains," Wexler pointed out, "this racket is a cinch. Me, I figured there's two big reasons why a snatch goes bad. Either the mob beats it out of town quick— which is just what the cops are waiting for somebody to do. Or else the guy they grabbed sees something that tips the cops off to their hideout."

"You're right," Wexler's partner agreed. "They don't use their heads."

"And so I figured the best bet is to snatch a rich blind guy," Wexler continued. "What can he do? We're safe. He can't describe us, and he can't pick out our mugs at headquarters. He can't even tell the cops about the place he was kept in."

THE two partners lapsed into silence; and presently, after finishing their coffee, they drove on to their hideout. They descended the familiar steps and entered the dark basement. Here Wexler snapped on the light. As he brought his hand away from the switch, he froze. Stupefied, he stared at a ring of Federal men.

"What will it be, boys?" said one. "Dead or alive?"

For a moment, and only for a moment, Wexler thought of the automatic under his arm. The sight of the sub-machine guns, and the memory of what happened to criminals who resisted these Federal men, sent his hands up almost as quickly as his partner's.

Unresisting, the two kidnappers were manacled.

At that moment, led by an officer, Robert Tremont entered. He was jingling some coins in his cupped hands.

"How'd you find your way back here?" Wexler demanded hoarsely.

The blind man, recognizing the voice, paused and turned his head. A pleasant smile lighted his face.

He began carefully rubbing his fingers over one of the coins.

"No that's not it," he said, selecting another. "Oh, this is yours. A ten-cent piece, dated 1930. You may recall I forgot to return it."

He held out the coin.

Wexler, lifting his manacled hands, accepted it.

"How in the devil did you find your way back?" he repeated dully.

"These gentlemen from the Department of Justice had no trouble in locating the place," the blind man explained politely, "when I gave them the serial number that is moulded on your gas meter."

CAST AND Broadcast

by PHILLIPS Coles







Above, amateur radio performers of assorted shapes and sizes swarming over Major Bowes, NBC's informal impresario. The Bowes Amateur Hour (WEAF, Sundays at 8 P.M.) tops a plague of intimate programs which have befallen the land. Practically anyone, it seems, will perform on a musical saw at the drop of a hat.

Also above is Kea Rea (a name we mistrust), who is in happy possession of a pleasant voice which she lets loose for Glenn Lee's orchestra in Chicago.

At left is lovely Miss Irene Rich, whose gracious charm makes her one of the great ladies of the entertainment world. She became tired of motion pictures and now is in radio, acting in dramatic programs written especially for her (WJZ, Fridays at 8 P. M.).

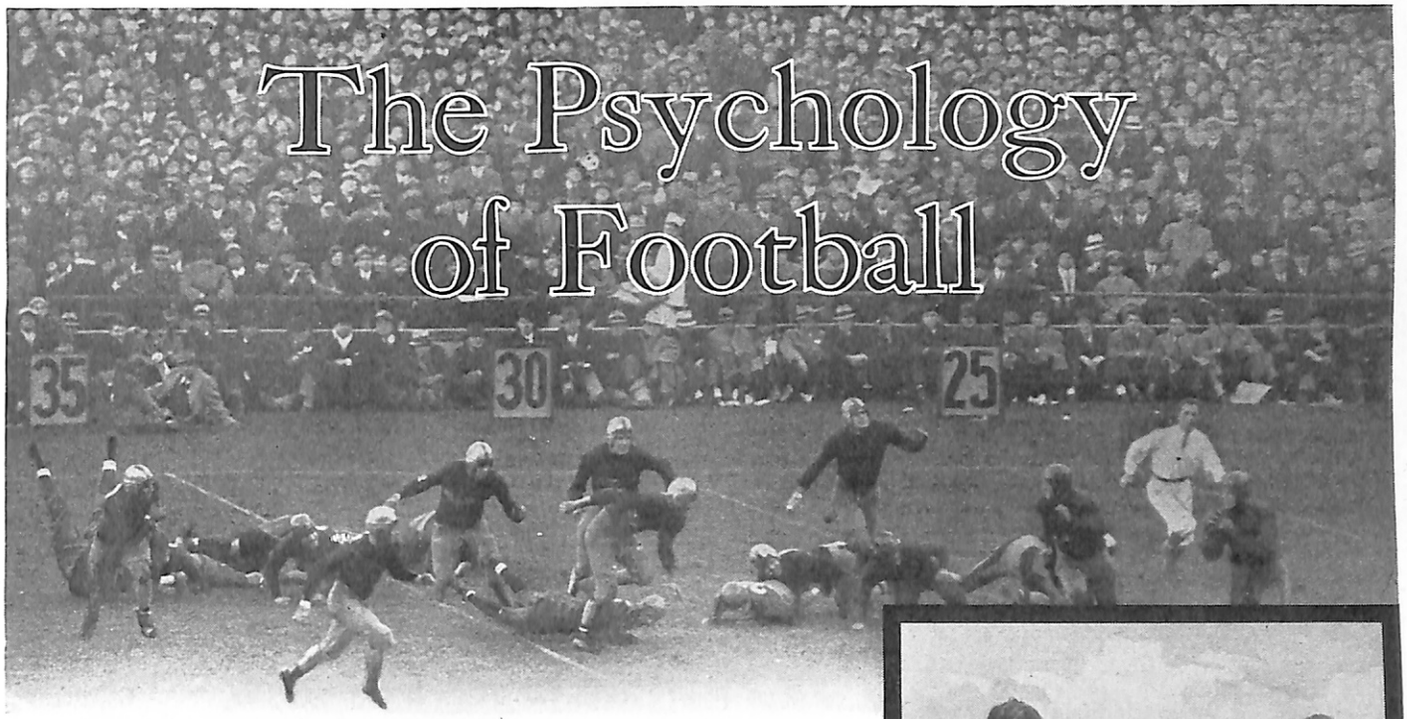
Each year, it would appear, dawns a new and outstanding harmony team. One recalls pleasantly the Rhythm and the Happiness Boys; the Revelers; the Boswell and Pickens Sisters, and the Mills Brothers. This year it is the King's Men, lower left, who rate tops in the trivial enthusiasms of this Department. Their clean harmonies and rhythms and their precise synchronizations are heard Thursdays with Paul Whiteman who once sponsored the famous Rhythm Boys.

Below is young Mr. Johnny Green who, with his orchestra, plays and composes things for the new and gala Jack Benny program.





The Psychology of Football

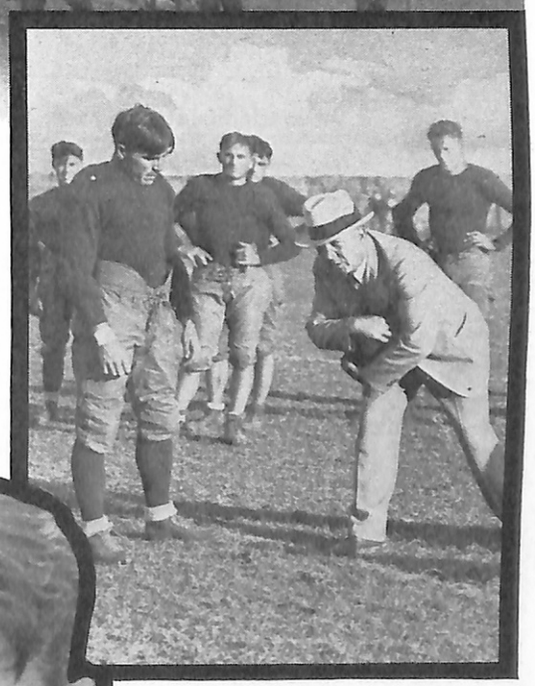


by Edwin B. Dooley

All America Quarterback—Dartmouth

THE football world is virtually unanimous in holding that the outstanding event of the season 1934 was Yale's unexpected triumph over the hitherto unbeaten Princeton team. Before that memorable game, the formidable Tiger, sleekly groomed by Coach Fritz Crisler, was a top-heavy favorite. Not even the most optimistic Yale alumnus or student dared hope for victory. All they knew was what they read about their team in the papers, or heard around the campus.

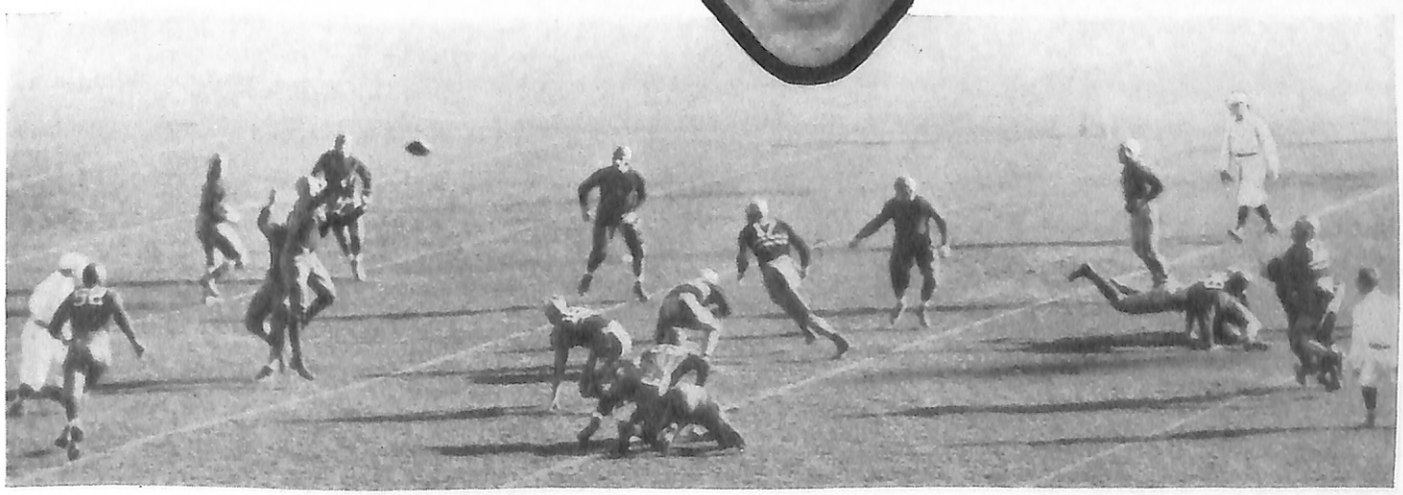
What they did not know, was that the Yale coach, Raymond "Ducky" Pond, instead of being the affable, easy-going, apple-cheeked boy he was pictured in the press, was in reality a dynamic and inspiring leader, with an intuitive appreciation of the psychology of athletic competition, enhanced by a natural aptitude for leadership. His infectious smile, generally misinterpreted by sports writers as the symbol of a self-satisfied young man suddenly placed in an awkward position, was in





At top: *Don Elser, Notre Dame fullback, on right, leaping into an end run upon receiving a lateral pass from Bill Shakespeare, in the 1934 Notre Dame-Army game.* At bottom: *During the Notre Dame game, Robinson of Notre Dame reaching to pick off an Army pass*

Above: *Knute Rockne with his men. Rockne was perhaps the greatest "fight talk" maker of all time.* Left: *Elmer Layden, present coach of the Notre Dame team*



reality an uncontrollable expression of tremendous confidence in himself and in his players.

From the start of the season, when "Ducky" plunged into his work with a verve and enthusiasm that were breath-taking, he kept impressing one thing on the minds of his men. He said in effect, "there are only eleven men on any team we have to play, and if you birds will follow me in this crisis, I'll show you how we can hold our own with all of them and beat most of them."

Pond's contention was that if his team was in perfect physical condition—better condition, in fact, than its opponents—and would hit just a little harder than its adversaries, it would go places. On top of this he kept reminding his players that when they went out on the field, they must never forget that they were upholding one of the most precious traditions in football, and that as Yale men they must win. The Yale mentor is one of the few men in football today whose coaching efforts are motivated by a sincere affection for his alma mater and all that it stands for to Yale men.

He made his charges conscious of the fact that they were all in the same boat, fighting for a just cause, fighting to restore Yale football to the high place from which it had fallen. A coach who was not a Yale man could never have whipped the mediocre material Yale had last year into the whirlwind of gridiron power it was when it rode over Princeton and turned in that glorious victory.

On the eve of the battle with Old Nassau, I received a wire from Pond which said: "We concede Princeton nothing. Our team will take the field determined to play a game from start to finish that will reflect great credit on Yale. We will be out there to win."

This in the face of Princeton's enviable record of two years of uninterrupted victories. Never was there a bolder gesture. But the strange part of it was—Pond was absolutely sincere. From the start of his campaign he had imbued into his players his own abundant cockiness, and had backed it up with two-fisted, devastating and punishing play that brought the desired results. By the time the Princeton game rolled around, Yale was in a fit mood to challenge Minnesota or Pittsburgh, and the chances are the Elis would have held their own nobly against these two Titans of the cross-barred fields, for "Ducky" had done his work well.

Pond stole a leaf from immortal Bill Roper's book when he kept reminding his squad "that a team that won't be licked can't be licked." The former Princeton coach, who has since passed on, used to have that heroic reminder plastered all over the Tigers' dressing room. It worked wonders too, as anyone who saw Roper's teams will attest. They could take any kind of punishment save defeat.

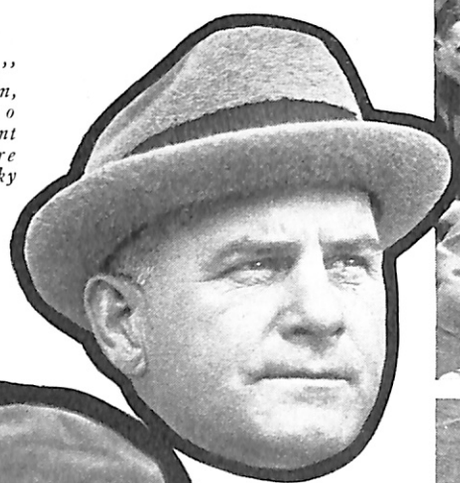
The confident, almost overbearing attitude of Yale in its battle with Princeton undoubtedly went a long way towards disrupting Princeton's team rhythm and state of mind. The Yale players, filled as they were with the boundless self-confidence of their coach, pulled a psychological "haymaker" on Princeton when they ran up to the Tiger player who was leaving the field, condescendingly patted him on the back, and said "nice work, old boy, nice work."

Then to add insult to injury, Larry Kelley, the hero of the day, completely shattered Princeton's morale by asking facetiously, just after Princeton had fumbled





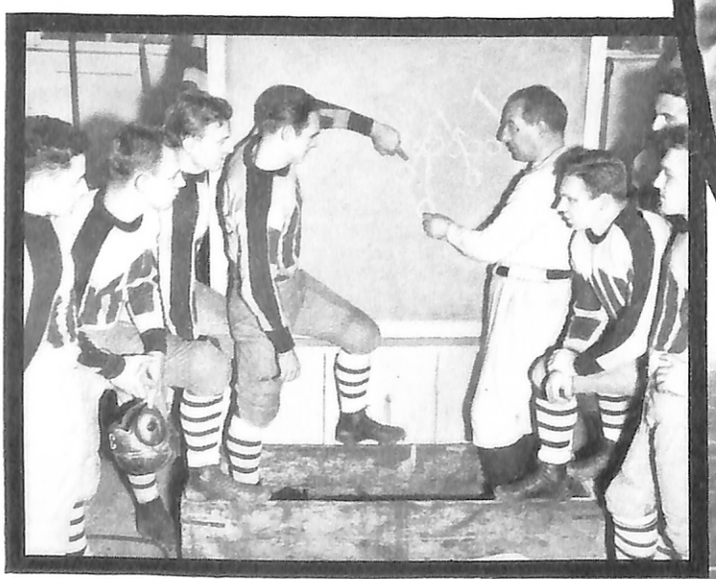
Right: *"Uncle" Charlie Moran, who used to coach the gallant teams of Centre College, Kentucky*

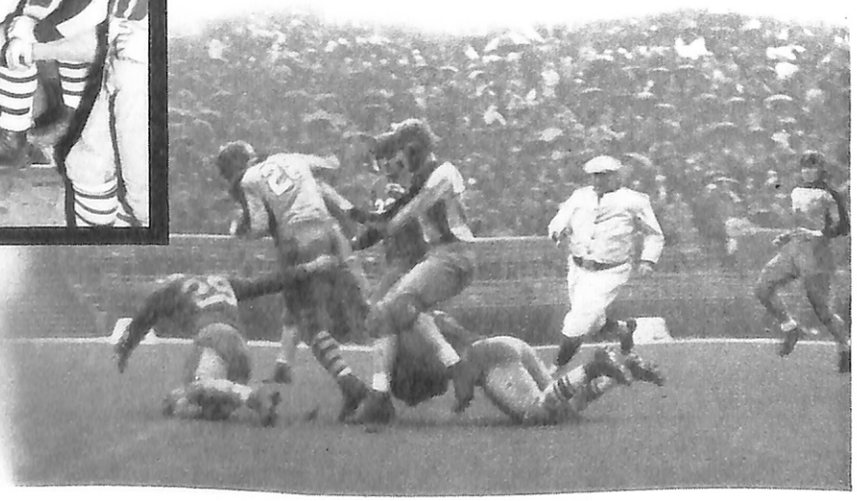




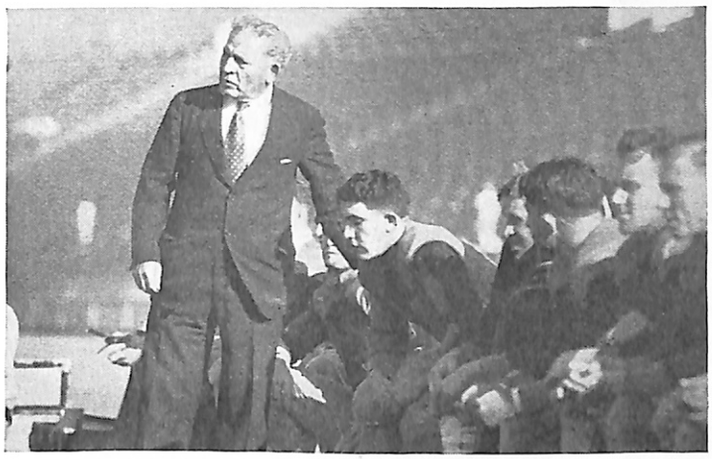


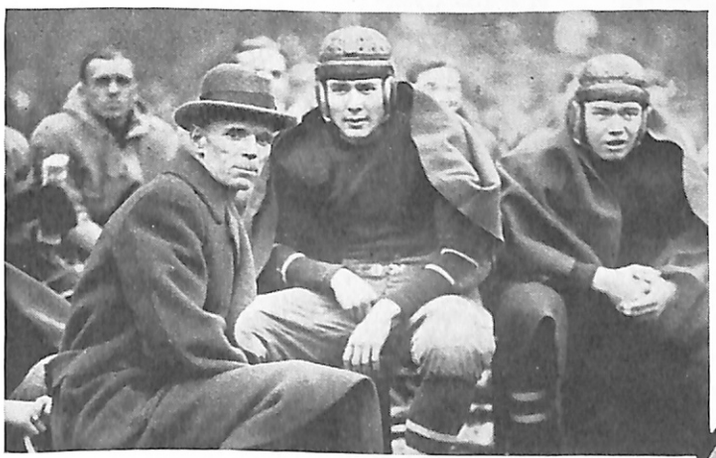
Left: *"Ducky" Pond, whose boundless self-confidence made Yale victor over Princeton in 1934*





Above: *Lou Little, Columbia coach, plans his team's moves for the 1934 New Year's Rose Bowl game. The day this picture was taken was rainy, so Little drilled his men at the blackboard instead of on the field.* At right, *The 1934 Columbia-Stanford Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day*







Left at top: *Alonzo Stagg, the Grand Old Man of the Big Ten, with his Pacific Tigers when that team held Southern California to a score of six-to-nothing. Stagg's teams often won on sheer fighting spirit alone.* Left at center: *Gil Dobie with one of his hard fighting Cornell teams.* Left at bottom: *During the 1934 Yale-Princeton game. Here Kelley, the Yale end, is leaping to snare a pass from Roscoe on the Princeton 20-yard line. This dramatic move resulted in a touchdown for Yale's team*

the Tiger ace's wrath, and to have thrown him off his game.

Not infrequently the brazen assurance of one man on a team can lift the entire eleven out of itself and make it play inspired football. What Kelley's conceit was to Yale, Tommy Tomb's cockiness was to Columbia. In the dressing room at Pasadena, just a few minutes before Columbia was about to uphold the honor of the East on New Year's Day of 1934, Coach Lou Little noticed Tomb sitting in a corner, staring blankly out the window.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked Little, worried lest his alternate quarterback take the field with the wrong attitude, "are you worried about Stanford."

"Hell, no!" came back Tommy with a big grin of pleasure and anticipation on his face. "So far as I'm concerned this Stanford outfit is just another high school team with red jersies."

That casual remark, coming from a substitute, was a tonic to the high strung Lions who had been sitting in nervous tension for hours. They laughed heartily and a few minutes later raced out on the field (*Continued on page* 36)



At left: *Bill Roper, former Princeton coach, whose motto, "a team that won't be licked can't be licked," was pasted all over the Tigers' dressing room. Under him Princeton could take any kind of punishment save defeat.* Below. *Major Ralph Sasse, who was until recently Army's coach. He developed fighting machines by concentrating on morale*

Photos for this article by Acme, International, Keystone and Wide World

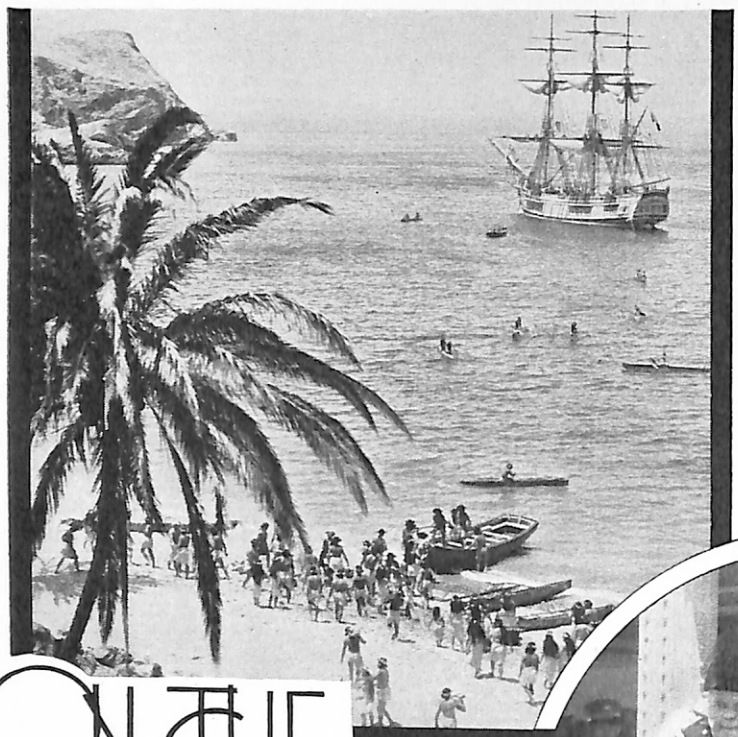


Above: *Dana Bible, of Nebraska, who, like Little of Columbia, exhorts his men to play, not so much for dear old Alma Mater, but for the sheer joy of it*



the ball—if the Rose Bowl had handles on it. Princeton had been referred to prior to that game as the logical candidate for the Rose Bowl battle at Pasadena. All through the struggle the annoying cockiness of Kelley, who never doubted for a moment his team's ability to trim Princeton, was a thorn in the Tiger's flesh.

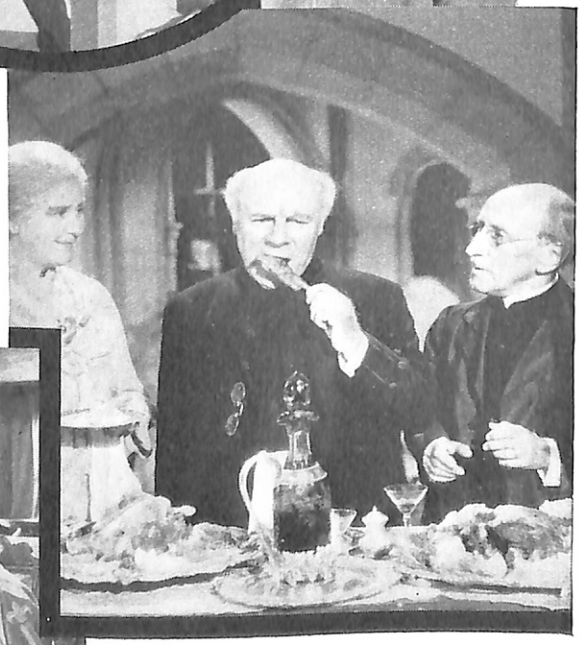
Using psychology to win a football game, or to over-power an opponent, is an old ruse on the gridiron. Fritz Crisler, Princeton's brilliant coach, employed a similar trick when he was battling Keck, the great Nassau lineman of a decade and a half ago. After a furious sally in which Crisler had ridden Keck out of a play, the former naively remarked: "Say fella, you better do better than that or they'll send Keck in here to take your place. C'mon now, let's see you get to work." Crisler's pretending that he didn't know that it was Keck he was playing against is said to have aroused





ON THE Screen

Above at left is a scene from "Mutiny on the Bounty," an excellent movie based on the story of those British sailors who long ago broke with their brutal commander and established a little settlement on one of the South Sea Islands. The cast includes such stars as Charles Laughton and Clark Gable. Above at right are Greta Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew, two of the actors in "Anna Karenina," a movie based on the story by Count Leo Tolstoy, while in the circle are Lennox Pawle and the famous Viennese actor, Francis Lederer, in "The Gay Deception." Below is a scene from the screen version of Alexandre Dumas' ever popular novel, "The Three Musketeers." Shown here are Rosamond Pinchot, Walter Abel (who plays D'Artagnan), Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes. The production is a very excellent one



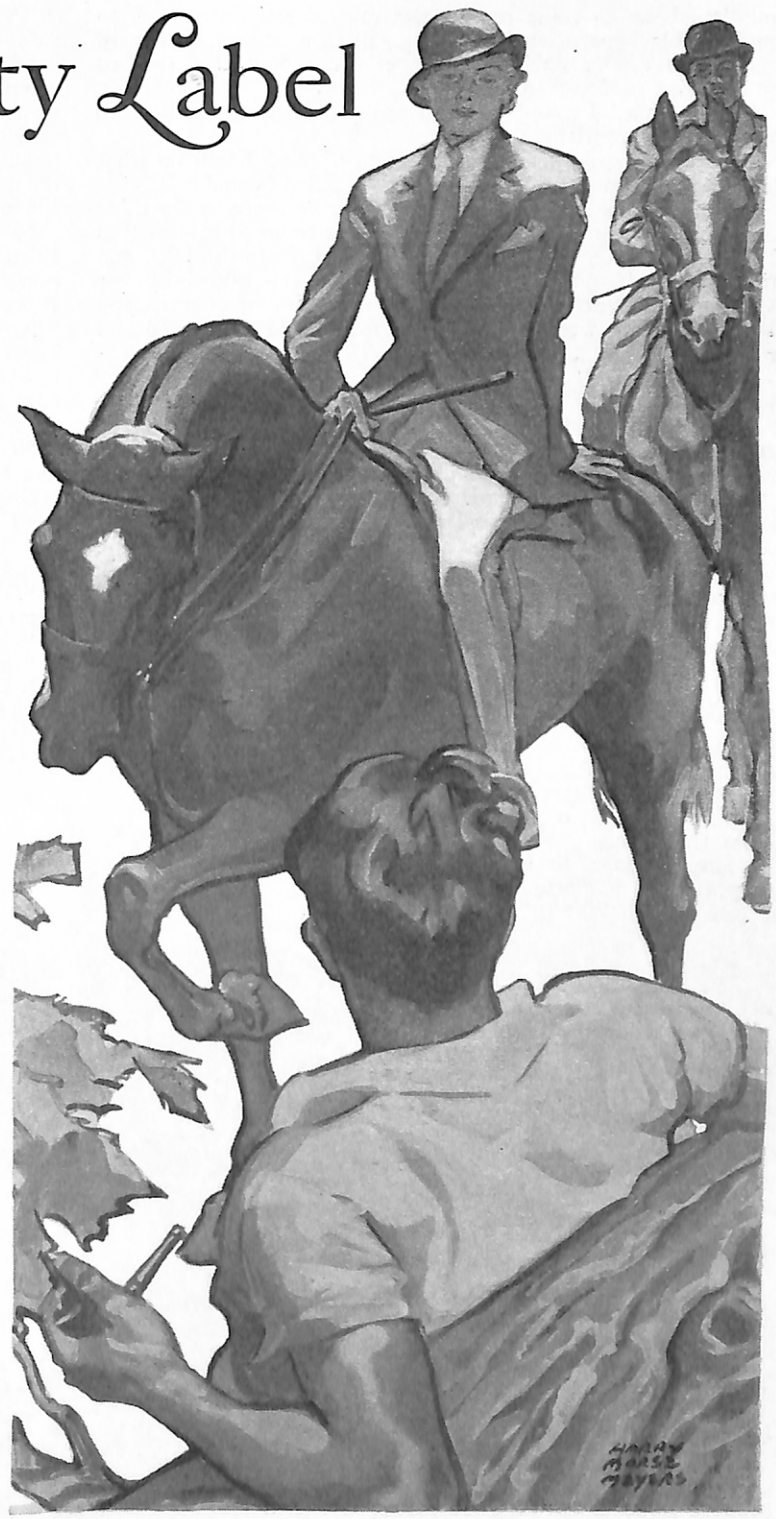


Above: *A scene from the film version of one of last season's Broadway hits, "The Bishop Misbehaves." In this picture are Lucille Watson, Edmund Gwenn (the Bishop himself who has his fling at being a detective) and Etienne Giradot. The movie is very well done and should prove popular*

The Finnerty Label

by Stanley Paul

Illustrated by
Harry Morse Meyers



"Young man," said she very graciously, "will you forgive my rudeness? And I am grateful to you." "Young woman," says Rogan, "you are welcome."

IT was one of those gray afternoons late in the fall of the year, a chill in the air, and the mists settling down over the summit of Bluelock to hide its great head from us here in the valley below.

The sharp odor of burning leaves was on the wind, as well as a spit of snow. I had stopped at the tavern, as is my way after a hard days work in my dispatching tower on the railroad, for a glass of beer before I went home to my supper.

It was pleasant in the tap room, what with the crackling blaze of the logs, the smoke, and the sound of quiet laughter and conversation both at the bar and the tables. I had lighted a cigar and was about to unfold my paper when in came Murphy, the gateman at the state-highway crossing on the Bluelock road.

I could see by his glance he intended to sit down with me, and I also thought I saw the light of a yarn in his eye. I was nothing loth to this as many's the time he's held me enthralled with one of his stories for more than a little bit.

"Sit down," I said to him.

"Thank you; I will," said Murphy; and, when the waiter appeared: "Bring me a bottle of Finnerty's Dublin Stout, if you please."

"That," he said, looking at the stuff in my glass, "is a good enough thing in its way; but for something to light a soft blaze under a tired heart give me a bottle of stout—Finnerty's Stout in particular. Sure, it has the good old water in it and such hops as only Irish soil can produce. Here is to you!"

I drank with him and said nothing, as I knew that a yarn came best out of him without any prompting. He did not disappoint me.

"Did you know," he asked, wiping his scrub-oak mustache with the back of a gnarled old hand, "that young Rogan Finnerty was in these parts not long ago?"

"Who," I asked, "is Rogan Finnerty?"

"Faith!" said Murphy with great astonishment. "And *who* wouldn't know? Didn't he ride into these hills like a whirlwind and have the whole mountainside in a turmoil with his wild young ways—the beautiful Ellen DeVarney in particular? Isn't he the spit of the Finnertys who have brewed, bottled and barreled in Dublin since the days of Rory O'More? Wasn't it me that seen him first, getting off the *Red Wing* from Boston one fine summer's evening? Black Irish, he was, and handsome, and the mane of him blowing in the breeze. When the *Red Wing* pulled out he looks over to me.

"'Hello,' he says with a grin that would warm a Pythian's heart. 'By the cut of your jaw I would say that you might be a Filipeeno.'

"My blood danced a bit, but I saw by the look in his laughing eyes that 'twas all in banter.

"'And I,' says I, 'would not be far from wrong, I am thinking, if I took you for a Japanee, no less.'

"He laughed.

"'When,' he asks, 'did you come over?'

"'''Tis none of your business at all,' I told him, 'but to start an argument I'd say 'twas in 1903 on the *Carpathia*. And you?'

"'Two weeks ago,' he replied, 'on the *Berengaria*. My name,' says he to me, 'is Finnerty. Rogan Finnerty of Dublin.'

"'Not Finnerty of Finnerty's Dublin Stout?' I asked in amazement.

"'The same,' he replies. 'Second son.'

"Sure, you could have knocked me over with a linen towel. I went up to him and I says: 'Many's the glass of your fine old brew have I had; and as many times blessed the hand of the master that brewed it. But,' I goes on, 'I must say that during prohibition it was not what it should be, and well did I know that some hooligan was monkeying with it.'

"A frown crossed his handsome young face.

"'You are right,' he says in an angry voice. 'And it is for that reason that I am in this country. When my father com-

missioned me to come to America one of my orders was to find the blackguard who'd had the gall to market a stout with the Finnerty label on it, when never a case had been shipped to America in fourteen years.'

"'And what,' I asked, 'do you propose to do about it when you find the gentleman?'

"'He is no gentleman,' says Finnerty. 'And I will do what any good Irishman would do when his blood is up.'

"'Faith,' says I, 'it's me who'd like to be there to see it.'

"'Perhaps you will,' says Finnerty, 'for on good information I believe I am on his trail.' He lifted his eyes to the hills, and to Bluelock in particular with its rocky cap gilded by the evening sun. 'Sure,' he says, ''tis a sweet bit of country you have here. I'm wondering where a man could buy a bed and a meal.'

"WELL, to shorten my tale I directed him to the Bluelock Inn, and he seemed to like it so much that on he stayed, and made no talk of leaving at all.

"I mind, it was a day or so later, and me with time off, that I took him for a walk along Bluelock Ridge. 'Tis grand up there, as you know, on a summer's day with the little North wind piling the clouds along over the far off hills. We were on one of the many woodland trails that cross and recross it when my ears picked up the beat of hoofs of horses. I stopped and so did Finnerty.

"'Who would that be?' he asks.

"'If I am not mistaken,' says I, ''twould be Ellen De Varney and one of her many young men. 'Tis a habit of hers to ride the hills of an early morning. They'll be coming this way; we shall see.'

"'But look there,' says young Rogan, pointing at a great fallen pine across the path.

"'Sure,' I says, 'it has been there for years and a glorious sight it will be to see them take it.'

"'No,' says Rogan. 'I mean the little hemlock this side; sure, they'll come down upon it and have a nasty spill.'

"I looked where he pointed and sure enough—there was a newly fallen trunk; one which they'd not see at all, coming up from the other side of the pine.

"Before I know it young Rogan is running up the trail and pulling off his coat and just as two riders thundered around the bend he arrives by the windfall and begins yelling and waving the garment.

"The horses, of course, refused the jump; and while Miss Ellen, the splendid horsewoman that she is, kept her seat with ease, I couldn't say the same for the man who was with her. It was a chap by the name of Michele Farci from New York who came up quite often to be a house guest at the De Varney's. Many's the time I had seen him get off *The Alouette;* now I nearly had the pleasure of seeing him get off a horse over the horse's head. But he didn't, although he chewed on the ear of the creature for a moment, he was that far forward.

"The fine eyes of Ellen DeVarney were flashing in anger, and knowing the temper of the lovely young girl, I was for taking to the woods. I could tell by the lift of her fair young head that Rogan was in for it.

"'You fool,' she cries. 'Get out of the way; and if it's amusement you've had I'll see that you get no more of it.'

"Rogan places his hands on his hips and out of his mouth comes a burst of gay laughter.

"'Easy does it,' says he with no small amusement.

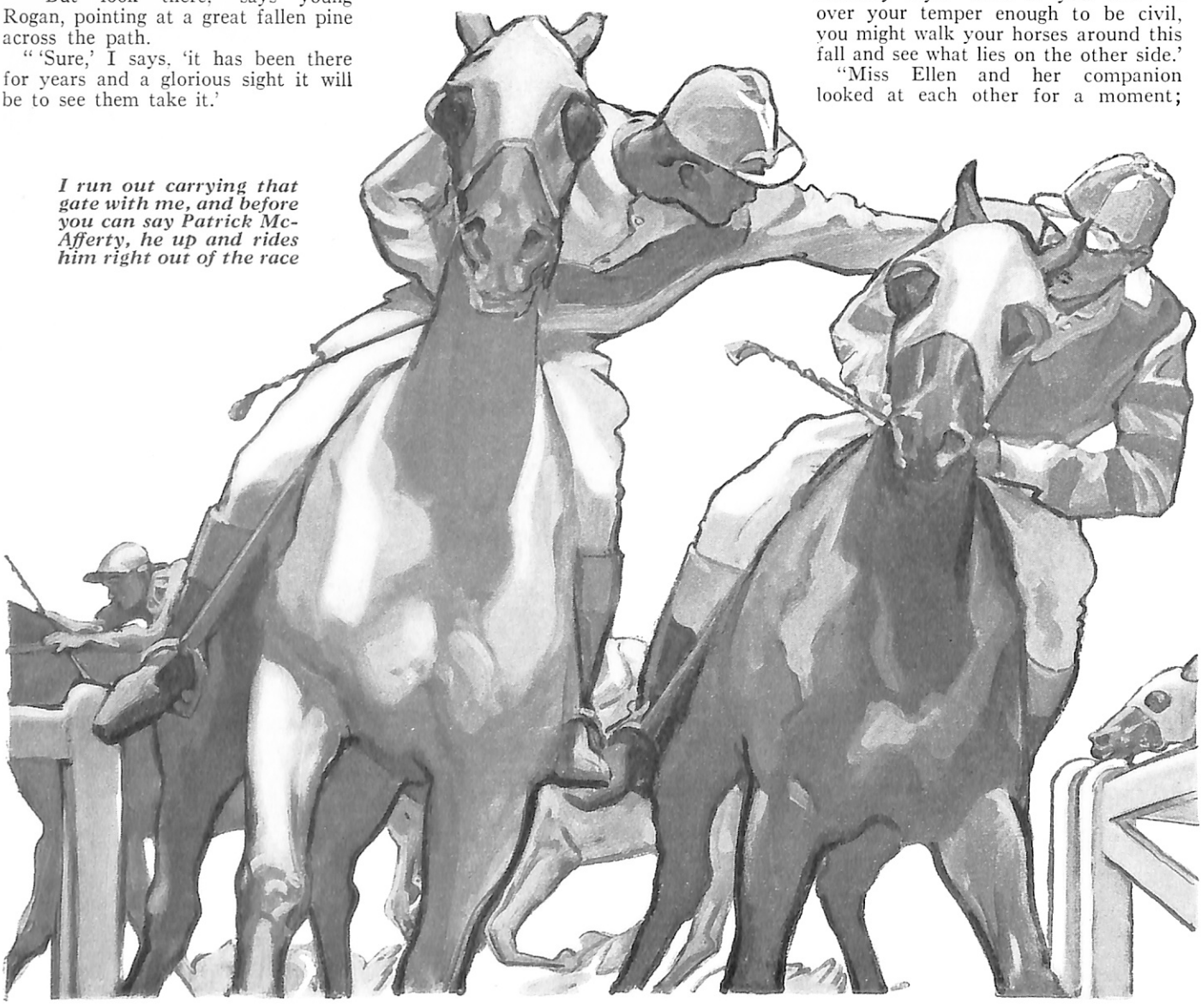
"Michele Farci, he of the hard looking eyes, says: ''Tis half a mind I have to get down and thrash you.'

"The smile comes off young Finnerty's face.

"'I am here,' he says quietly.

"There is a moment of silence; then Finnerty says: 'Now if you two are over your temper enough to be civil, you might walk your horses around this fall and see what lies on the other side.'

"Miss Ellen and her companion looked at each other for a moment;



I run out carrying that gate with me, and before you can say Patrick McAfferty, he up and rides him right out of the race

then guided their mounts around. When she saw the little fallen hemlock she reined up and said very graciously: 'Young man, will you forgive my rudeness? And I am gratefull to you.'

" 'Young woman,' says Rogan, 'you are welcome. And it's me that's thinking any man would be glad to have you take notice of him, even if it went by the name of rudeness.'

"This was bold enough talk and I held my breath for a moment; Michele Farci spoke; he said, holding out a bill: 'Here, my man; this for your trouble. And we'll have no more of your personal comment, if you please.'

"I saw the black fire dance in Rogan's eyes, but he laughed.

" 'SURE,' he says, 'and what would I do with that? A moment ago you were coming down here to thrash me. I'm thinking perhaps I might come up where you are and have a bit of a go with you up there. As for personal comment, I don't like your face, nor the grease that you wear on your hair, nor the way the ugly lip of you curls when you speak.'

"With that he whacks the chap's mare on the flank tremendously, and off she starts like an arrow sprung from a bow. 'Twas all Farci could do to keep his seat again; around the bend he flew, and me nearly choked with the laughter in my throat at the sight of him doing his best not to come unstuck.

"Finnerty still looked up at Miss Ellen; her face grew red a bit and she turned to me.

" 'Who is this man, Murphy?' she asked. 'Some friend of yours?'

"I took off my hat and approached her stirrup.

" 'That he is, Miss Ellen,' I says, 'and proud I am of it. May I present him to you? Rogan Finnerty of Dublin.'

Rogan bowed.

" 'A relative of yours?' she asked me.

" 'I wish I might say that he was.'

" 'How long have you been here?' asked Miss Ellen, looking at Rogan.

" 'Twould be three weeks, now, since I left the dear old sod,' says Rogan, dropping into a brogue such as you'd hear on a peat bog. 'Twas *me* who could hardly understand him and his language, it was *that* thick. And the eyes of him fairly spoke of homesickness, the mischievous devil.

" 'Poor boy,' says Miss Ellen kindly; then she sat straight in her saddle. 'You mean well, no doubt,' she cautions him, 'but our ways are not so wild nor our speech so free with people we do not know. Let Murphy, here, teach you the ways of the country.'



" 'Yes, ma'am,' says Rogan bowing. 'That I will, and thank you kindly.'

"Miss Ellen touches her crop to her horse and rides away after Farci like the fine morning wind. Rogan watches her out of sight.

" 'Sure,' he says, ' 'tis spirit she has, to say nothing of beauty that would fair blind a man.'

" 'And you,' says I indignantly, 'talking to her like a stable boy. 'Tis ashamed you should be, you with your excellent breeding.'

" 'The wind has a way with her hair that I like,' says Rogan, with no attention to my remarks on his conduct.

"I snorted, no less.

" 'And she has a way with a horse,' he goes on. 'Sure, there's never so fine a sight as slim little hands that are good with the leather.'

" 'Shall we go on?' I asks, as I'm no mind to stand there all day and listen to his mooning.

" 'Yes,' he agrees, and starts off with me; then he stops and looks back. 'Do you know,' he says, 'I'm thinking a good way to see more of the lovely young creature would be to get on the back of a horse.'

"Rogan was as good as his word. 'Twas not three days later that word was around there was a new rider in the hills. Mounted, he was, so they said, on a fine Irish Hunter, and coursed the trails like a banshee gone mad with adventure.

"Well, one afternoon Miss Ellen pulls up at my gates and calls to me in my snug little shanty.

" 'Murphy,' she says, 'I would like to ask you a question: where did that young friend of yours get such a magnificent hunter?'

" 'Oh,' I says, as I'm no mind to be telling Finnerty's business, 'perhaps someone gave him the loan of it. You have seen him on it?' I asks her.

" 'I have,' she tells me. 'Several times, in fact. And never have I seen such a man for putting a creature at jumps as this young friend of yours from Dublin. Mister Farci and I were up on the ridge this morning and he and his horse went by us like the rush of a whirlwind. He cut the trail and took the stone wall by the Adams estate with a feather to spare. Then he put into the woods at a gallop where I'd go at a trot. A fool, Michele called him, if ever there was one.'

" 'Who?' I asked her.

" 'Michele. Michele Farci.'

" 'Oh,' I says, 'that would be him who was for beating up Rogan. Did he have a good ride the morning that Rogan dispatched him?'

"Miss Ellen reddened.

" 'Murphy,' she says, 'you are impertinent.'

" ' 'Tis sorry I am, then' says I, and I am not one to back water.

" 'He sits his horse like a gentleman,' Miss Ellen goes on. ' 'Tis a shame, in a way, that he cannot ride in the Hunt Club Race Meet.'

" 'And why can he not?' I asks.

"She looks at me strangely.

" 'You know quite well,' she says. ' 'Tis a gentleman rider's meet.'

" 'Will Mister Farci be riding, then?' I asked, and nearly choked at my own boldness.

"Apparently she did not hear me, for she said: 'Tell me something about him, Murphy. Who are his people?'

" 'Well,' says I, 'his father and his father's father and all the Finnertys before him back to the days of the Irish kings have been brewers, and will, I expect, always be so.'

"A startled expression came over her pretty young face.

" 'Brewers!' she exclaimed.

" 'Sure, and why not?' I asked. ' 'Tis an honorable profession. You are a young thing,' I went on, with more than a little nerve, 'and you think of those things in connection with bootleggers and speakeasies and gangsters and all the other evils this country has just passed through. In other lands it is different. Drink is handled by gentlemen.'

" 'Yes, perhaps,' she agreed. 'Stil . . .'

"I could see that something was troubling her.

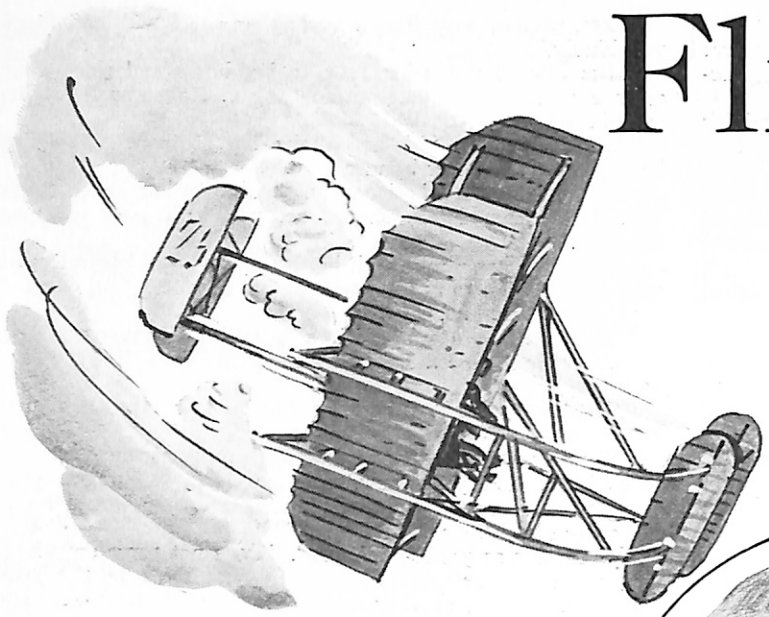
" 'What is it, Miss Ellen?' I asked.

" 'Nothing.' She kicked the starter of her motor. 'I was thinking of asking him to the party I am giving next Friday; but under the circumstances I hardly think that I will.'

"I came closer to her car.

" 'Sure, now,' I said, 'Miss Ellen, that is hardly like you at all, if you'll pardon my being so bold. (*Continued on page 32*)

Flight into



IT is only by the courage and recklessness of a royal line of fliers from the Brothers Wright down to young Jack O'Meara and Dick du Pont that flying has advanced as far as it has today. Accidents had to happen, intrepid fliers perish and daring deeds succeed before the plane designers could know how their ships would act under the thousand and one conditions they had to meet. A plane might give a perfect performance on a quiet summer's day, fifteen hundred feet above its home port, but what would it do at twenty thousand feet? In a gale? A snowstorm? Over the Equator? Above the Poles?

However, these question marks did not trouble the pioneer inventors much. Their one worry was to make their frail machines stay up at all. Thrills they had aplenty but things generally happened so fast that there was not much time for them to sit back and enjoy them. The greatest thrill of all history should have been the one that Wilbur Wright had no time to feel—that first time he rode upon the air at Kitty Hawk.

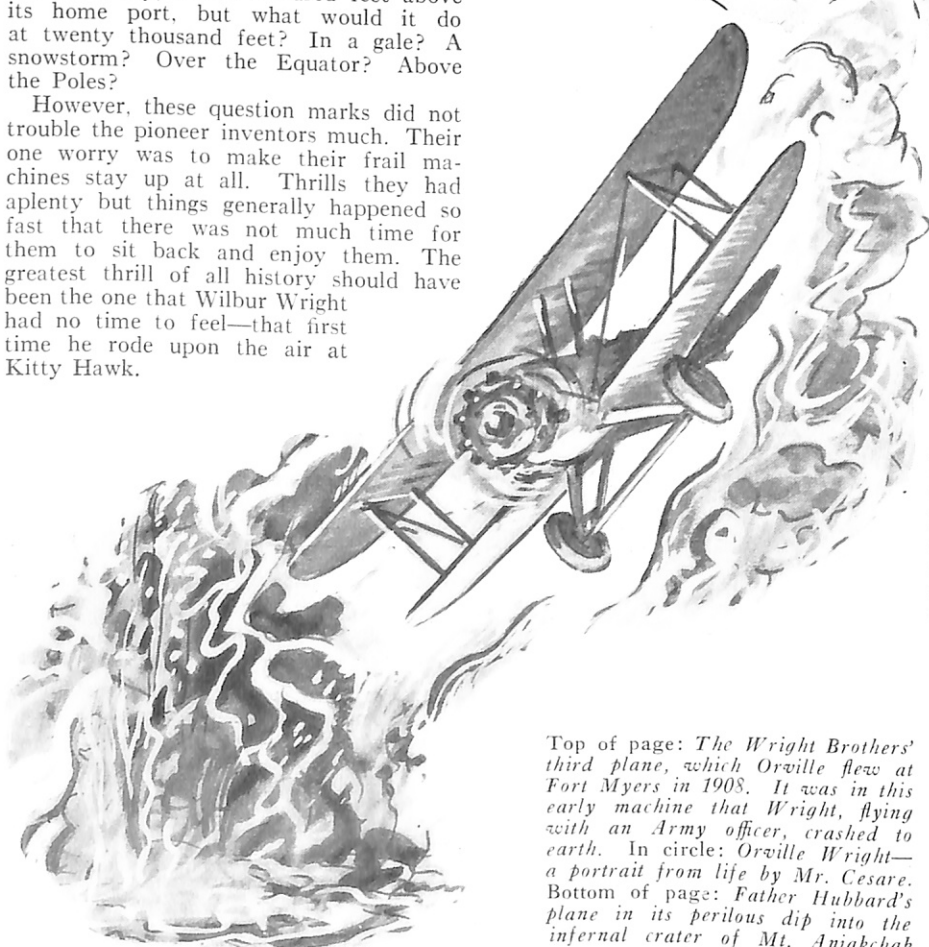


He and his younger brother Orville were not of the type that thrills in any event. During their glider days in Dayton it was always Orville who had the experiences. Some were thrilling and some were funny. Once the launching catapult broke and Orville shot backward down the long track, wrapped around the front grip of the glider. The machine was ruined but he came back for more. The next time the glider landed so abruptly that he kept right on going—through the top wing, like a circus performer.

Three years later, at Fort Myers, Orville was flying an Army officer in the third Wright plane. He was ascending in spirals. The machine was banked for a circle when he suddenly discovered that he could not control his vertical rudder. By skilful maneuvering he got the plane on an even keel, just as it hesitated for the final plunge to the ground. Again he warped the wings so as to head into an easy glide. At that very instant, he found, to his horror, that the forward horizontal rudder would not work either. He was helpless to prevent a disaster.

Down crashed the plane, one hundred and fifty feet, to the ground. As they lifted him from the wreckage, with broken leg and ribs, he murmured: "Tell my sister I'm all right." That was typical of the Wright family. Wisely, the brothers gave up flying as soon as they had shown how it should be done and continued their designing from the ground.

In the early days of flying even the inventor of a plane had no notion what it would do once it got into the air. Guiseppe Bellanca, for instance, tells of a wild ride one of his first planes gave him. "The new ship," he says, "left the ground like a skyrocket. I levelled off with difficulty but could not keep her on her course. She was as sensitive to control as a skittish horse, plunging and rearing and turning wildly.



Top of page: *The Wright Brothers' third plane, which Orville flew at Fort Myers in 1908. It was in this early machine that Wright, flying with an Army officer, crashed to earth.* In circle: *Orville Wright—a portrait from life by Mr. Cesare.* Bottom of page: *Father Hubbard's plane in its perilous dip into the infernal crater of Mt. Aniakchak in Alaska*



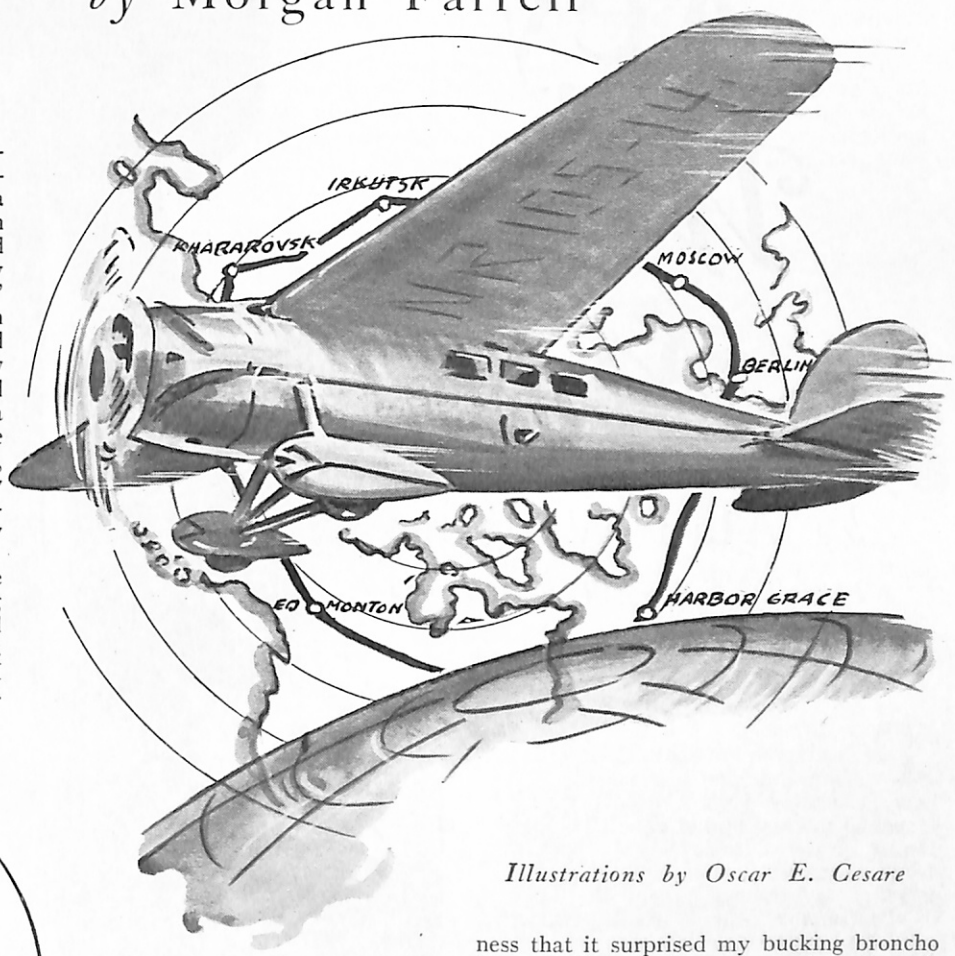
Peril

by Morgan Farrell

"My hands, feet and head were in constant action, trying to guide the confounded thing into something like a straight line, but it was no use. Through my brain an ominous message throbbed again and again: 'You are in a runaway —you'll be lucky to get out of this alive.'

"It was true; the machine had taken charge. Its first gyrations were mild compared to the erratic course it now elected to follow. Presently it swooped down, straight for the side-wall of a brick house. I remember thinking: 'We are not going to get through that.' Then, a second before the impact, the runaway pointed her nose up and, by some mysterious bound, cleared the house by inches.

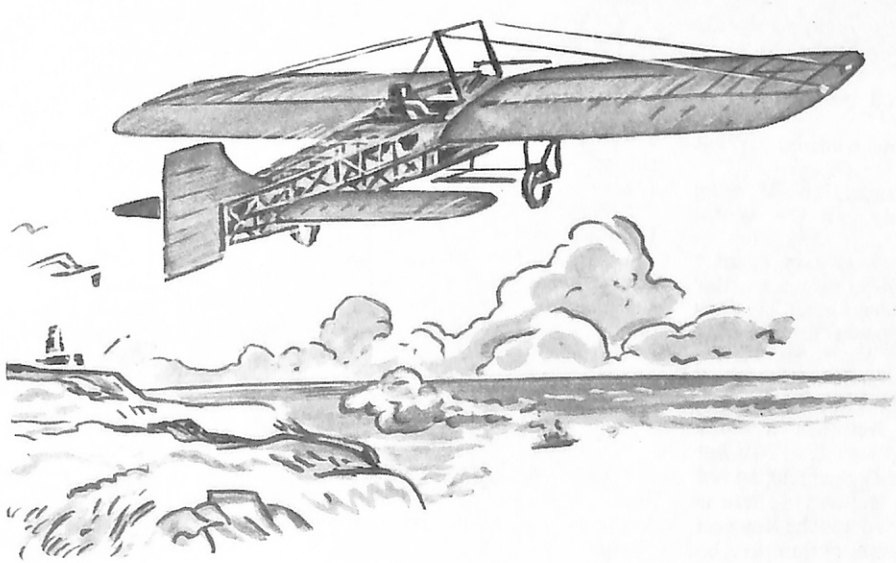
"People were now running out into the lanes, gaping up at my one-man flying circus. If I should crash now I would kill some of them. Better try to get out of here—over there to that meadow. I wrenched at the stick with such sudden-



Illustrations by Oscar E. Cesare



Top of page: *The late Wiley Post's airplane,* Winnie Mae, *in which he flew around the world in seven and a half days in 1933.* In circle: *Mr. Cesare's excellent life portrait of the great Amundsen, one of the first explorers to use the airplane in the Arctic.* Bottom of page: *Bleriot's plane, in which he flew the English Channel*



ness that it surprised my bucking broncho into obedience. Over or rather through the treetops she went. Then, thinking she had had about enough, she lowered her head and charged for the solid ground. An instant later she was a tangle of splinters, shreds and wires. I was dazed but felt no pain. I tried one limb after the other. They worked. After a while I crawled out of the wreckage—unhurt."

The inventor soon corrected the errors in the design of that plane. Gradually, too, the other inventors were enabled to get the "bugs" out of their designs, mostly by flying them and taking all the chances themselves. Thus, Glenn Curtiss, Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, Grover Loening, Sikorsky, Boeing, Jack Northrup designed, built and flew their own models. The development of the airplane went on rapidly, thanks to their indomitable courage.

Within a few years it had outgrown its early limitations. Plane failure was a rare occurrence and engine failure rarer still. Ships could fly a thousand miles or more in continuous flight. Navigating instruments were being rapidly improved. Radio and weather report service for planes had been perfected. It is little wonder that enterprising fliers began to feel the stirrings of an ambition to be the first to explore the unknown—to fly the Oceans of the world.

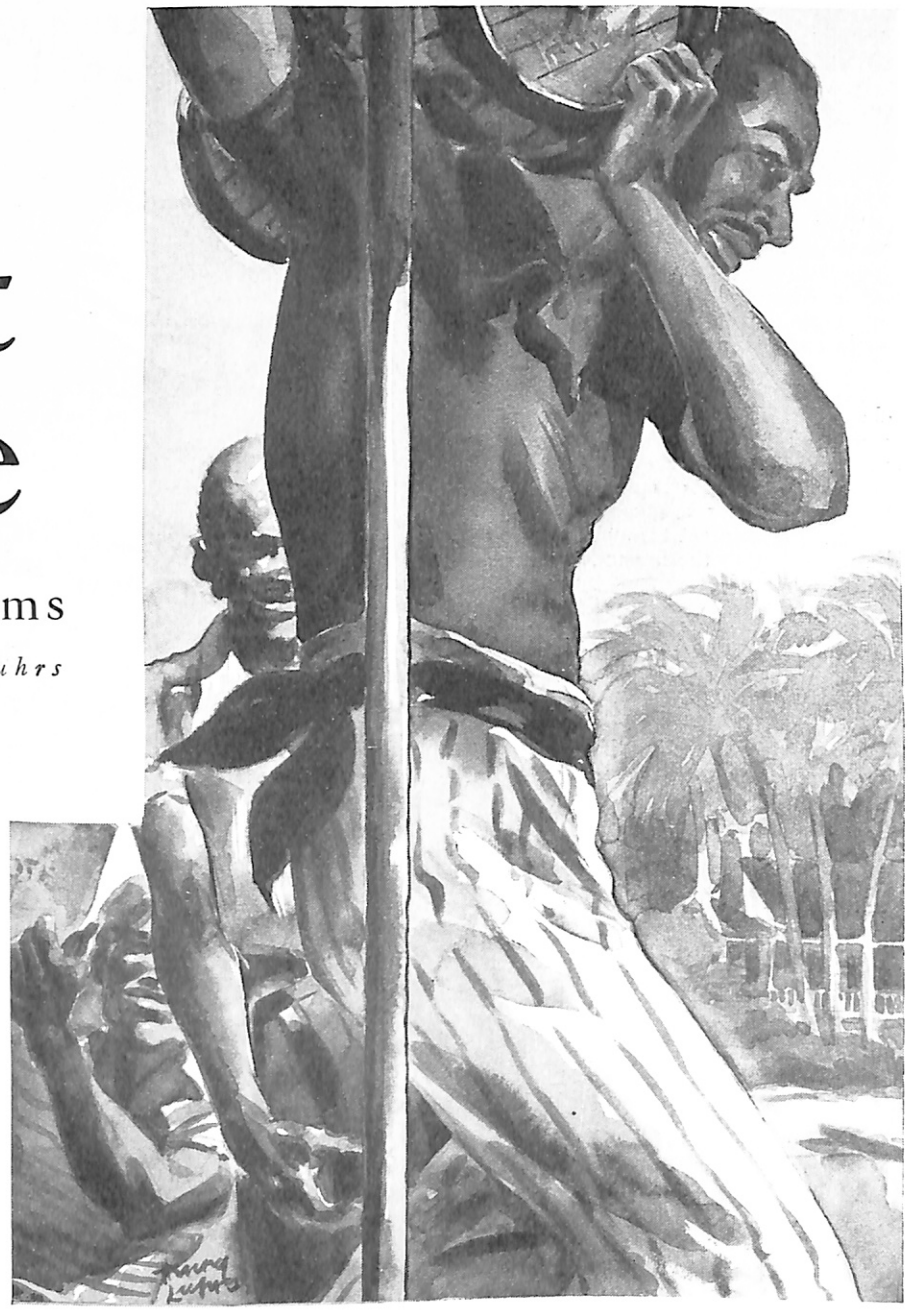
"Why not fly to the North Pole?" mused two intrepid explorers of the land of ice, death and desolation, Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. "Let's see what a plane can do at forty below zero."

They took off from Spitzbergen, on the Arctic Circle, at (*Continued on page* 45)

Key West Mae

by Alan Williams

Illustrated by Henry Luhrs



THE elderly, motherly-looking woman imbibing a glass of draft beer at Sloppy Joe's (Key West, not Havana) pricked up her ears. The bartender had addressed the dignified, white-haired gentleman playing the dice-machine as "Colonel."

"Pardon me," the lady said, flicking a dash of foam from her unrouged lips with a very practical handkerchief, "are you an Army or a Kentucky Colonel?"

The gentleman smiled, just a bit patronizingly. "Well, madam," he said, "I served my country in five wars—I guess that makes me an Army man."

She looked at him carefully. "You ain't old enough," she finally said.

"Thank you very much, and I hate to contradict a lady, but the number stands."

"Well, name them, then," she challenged, and then more hospitably: "Have a drink?"

"Thank you, madam, but I have never allowed a lady to buy me a drink. Will you have one with me?"

"I'll buy my own, then," the lady said, without appearing to resent the curt refusal of her invitation. She knew the code. "Beer, boy."

"The rum here is excellent," the dignified gentleman suggested.

"Then you don't know rum! Well, I'm waiting. What were your five wars?"

"Spanish-American, Boxer, Philippine Insurrection, Mexican Border, and the triviality that some people call the World War."

The woman snorted. "Let me tell you what wars I know about," she said. "My grandfather, who died ten years after I was born, told me tales of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; he was in both of them. My daddy was in the Civil War and fought Indians for twenty years. My husband was in the Spanish-American War when I married him. I had three nephews in what you call the trivial World War—one of them is buried in France. Another beer, boy!"

The gentleman made a wide sweep with his hat. "My hat is off to you, madam. When I spoke of the last war as trivial I meant from the standpoint of the regular soldier. There is no more need for soldiers, madam. We need mechanics and scientists, but not soldiers. There was more action in the Mexican invasion than there was in France. Lying on your belly in a ditch isn't soldiering. Drilling and uniforms are as old-fashioned as bows and arrows."

"Maybe you're right," the woman admitted. She looked at him more closely. "You didn't happen to be here during the Spanish-American War, did you?"

"I most certainly did, and that is why I'm back here now. I wanted to walk these streets once more and lay a wreath on the graves of the boys who were swept away by yellow fever——"

She held out her hand. "I'm right pleased to see you here, Colonel. Remember me?"

He shook the proffered hand very heartily. "Madam, if I had ever known you I would never have forgotten you."

"Oh, yes, you would. I was a young thing then and I danced in a saloon right here on this street—but they didn't call it Sloppy Joe's or any such filthy name; it had the good, respectable name of Flannigan and O'Flynn——"

"I remember it well—very well."

"Then you ought to remember me—Key West Mae."

"Key West Mae! I remember the sound of it."

"Don't be thinking of Mae West, now. I was Key West Mae long before anyone ever went up to see that one."

The only other patron of the saloon at that dull hour of the afternoon had been listening very attentively. He was a

dark man—Cuban or Spanish—of uncertain age, well-groomed, and assured in manner. He moved over to the reminiscing couple, hat in hand.

"Pardon me," he said, "I have overheard what you have said and it has brought back many things to me. I, too, was in Key West at the time you spoke—a young *machacho* running errands for the American soldiers."

"Well, well well—this is a reunion," the Colonel said, "and we must have a drink to '98." He slapped down a ten-dollar bill on the bar. "What will it be?"

They told their stories briefly as the drinks were served. The Colonel had retired the year before and was making a sentimental trip through Mexico, Florida and Cuba, with some fishing on the side. The Cuban, who had been a boy during the war of '98, was now a planter and business man, operating all through the West Indies. The lady was the widow of an Army doctor. She had doubled as a nurse and saloon dancer during the yellow fever epidemic, married the doctor, and had danced no more in saloons, but now—a white-haired old lady with grandchildren safely out of earshot in distant Illinois—she liked to boast of her reckless youth.

"I'd like to give you both a keg of rum if the customs office will not interfere," the planter said



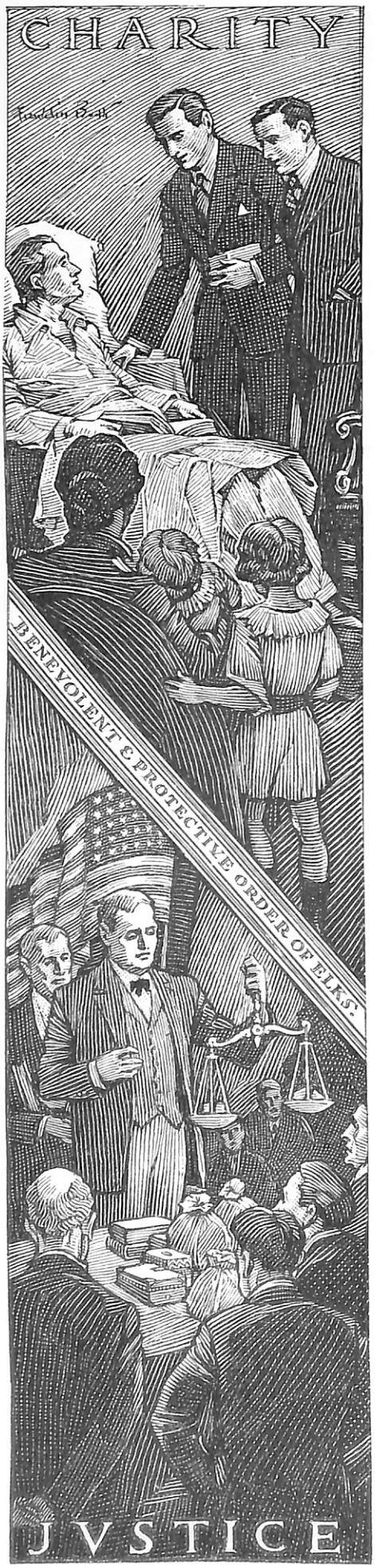
The bartender picked up the Colonel's ten-dollar bill and examined it carefully. "It's good," the Colonel said a bit testily.

The Cuban apologized for the bartender. "This part of the country has been flooded with counterfeit," he said. "I was warned at the bank."

"Yes," the woman agreed, "there were dozens of them—tens and twenties—passed at the Hialeah track at Miami last week——"

"Everybody comes to Florida in the winter time now," the planter said, "including all the crooks."

For a week the friendly trio met at Sloppy Joe's and had drinks late in the afternoon. The Colonel went fishing every morning and said he was going to stick to it until he caught a sailfish that was a fish! Not something for a glass bowl. The widow—"call me Mae"—had only run down for a day, but she lingered on in congenial company. (*Continued on page* 41)



EDITORIAL

TIME TO GIT UP AN' GIT

A FARMER was talking to a friend one day when his hound began to utter lugubrious howls. The dog was in such obvious pain and distress that the friend inquired as to the cause. The farmer replied: "That dog is a pessimist. He is settin' on a cockle-burr and he'd sooner howl than git up an' git."

There is a lesson in this anecdote to which Elks may well give attention. For several years all fraternal organizations have been sitting on a particularly prickly cockle-burr. Most of us have been disposed to howl about it, without making proper effort to move from the painful position. But the time has surely come when Elks should and can really do something about the situation.

Those who attended the last session of the Grand Lodge must have been impressed with the fine spirit which prevailed and which bespoke the earnestness and confidence existing throughout the Order. The critical study of the official reports will disclose facts which fully justify optimism.

But a mental attitude is not enough, of itself, to insure the achievement of an objective. It must be translated into effective action. The objective immediately in view is a capitalization of the prevailing spirit of optimism, the increase of membership in the Order and the enlargement of benevolent activities among the subordinate Lodges.

If all the Exalted Rulers who attended the conference with the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect at Columbus, and who gave assurances of their prompt and aggressive efforts to enthuse their respective Lodges, to secure increased memberships therein and fraternal activities thereby, will make good on their pledges, the Order of Elks will no longer remain seated on the uncomfortable burr of depression. It will simply "git up an' git"; and in the right direction. That movement depends, more than upon any other one thing, upon how effectively those promises are carried out by those designated leaders of the subordinate Lodges who officially made them; and upon how well other Exalted Rulers follow their examples.

If the enthusiasm displayed at Columbus be maintained throughout the year a stirring story of growth and achievement will be contained in the official reports to be made at the Los Angeles Convention next July.

THE PERSONAL INVITATION

IN one of our southern cities there has been a thriving Lodge of Elks for many years. Recently a business man, of known good character, of charitable disposition, of genial personality, and who had lived in the community all his life, was invited by a member of the Lodge to submit his application for membership. He replied: "I appreciate that. I bet I know the great majority of the Elks in this town; and yet this is the first time I have ever been asked to join the Order. I have often wondered why."

This incident could be multiplied indefinitely in every city in the land. There are hundreds of thousands of highly desirable prospects, who would enjoy membership in the Order, who would make valuable additions to any Lodge, but who have never been personally approached on the subject.

The Order of Elks is generally regarded as a more secret organization than it really is. The membership is known to be selective; and the maintenance of handsome club houses is, to some, suggestive of a certain fraternally social exclusiveness. Most men of proper instincts feel a bit hesitant about seeking admission to the fraternal circle unsolicited.

Among the thousands of Elks who will read this editorial, there is, perhaps, not one who does not number among his friends at least one man who has never been asked to join the Order and who would appreciate the personal invitation to do so. Such readers are reminded that they are failing in a real fraternal duty in neglecting to extend such invitations.

There is a suggestion of selfishness in one's continued enjoyment of the

privileges, benefits, pleasures and opportunities of Elk membership without the effort to secure them for his friends who would be equally appreciative of them and contributory to them. Yet the failure to make that effort is rather due to thoughtlessness. An Elk is not selfish.

One of the chief objectives of Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan is to arouse the membership to a realization of their obligations in this matter; and to a recognition of the fact that, in a large percentage of cases, a personal invitation to a desirable prospect means a new member. That objective should appeal to the loyalty of every Elk. It should be met by a cooperative response.

AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN!!

WHEN Homer L. Chaillaux, as official representative of the American Legion, addressed the Grand Lodge at Columbus, expressing on behalf of his organization its appreciation of the patriotic services rendered during the year by the Order of Elks, he stated some startling facts. For instance, it was a distinct shock to his hearers to learn that Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon was definitely named as an "undesirable citizen" on the secret list of those so regarded by the organized agencies engaged in disruptive anti-American propaganda.

It is easy to dismiss with a smile of contempt such a designation of our then Chief Executive by any group or association. But the fact that he has been so designated, by those who seek the overthrow of our form of government, is indicative of their special hostility toward our Order because of its patriotic activities under his leadership. It is, of itself, evidence that the so called "red menace" is not the imaginary danger which some persist in regarding it.

Those who had not been in direct contact with such propagandists, and who had been inclined to deprecate the need for the aggressive program of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon, were jolted out of their complacent attitude by Mr. Chaillaux's address. They realized that it was no manufactured straw man against which the fight had been conducted.

The Order of Elks is an effective agency in combatting this red menace. It should maintain its alert watchfulness for every manifestation of activity by such anti-American groups; and it should be prompt to meet them openly and fearlessly.

It is to be hoped that each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler will earn a place on that particular secret list of undesirable citizens of which Mr. Chaillaux spoke, as long as such list may be maintained. Indeed every member of the Order should be proud to be included in such patriotic company.

TWO GRAND LODGE INCIDENTS

IF the members who attended the last annual convention were asked to select the incidents which gave them the most gratifying thrills, undoubtedly the great majority would unite upon the presentation to the Grand Lodge of the two young ladies who were such happy and deserving beneficiaries of the Order's beneficence.

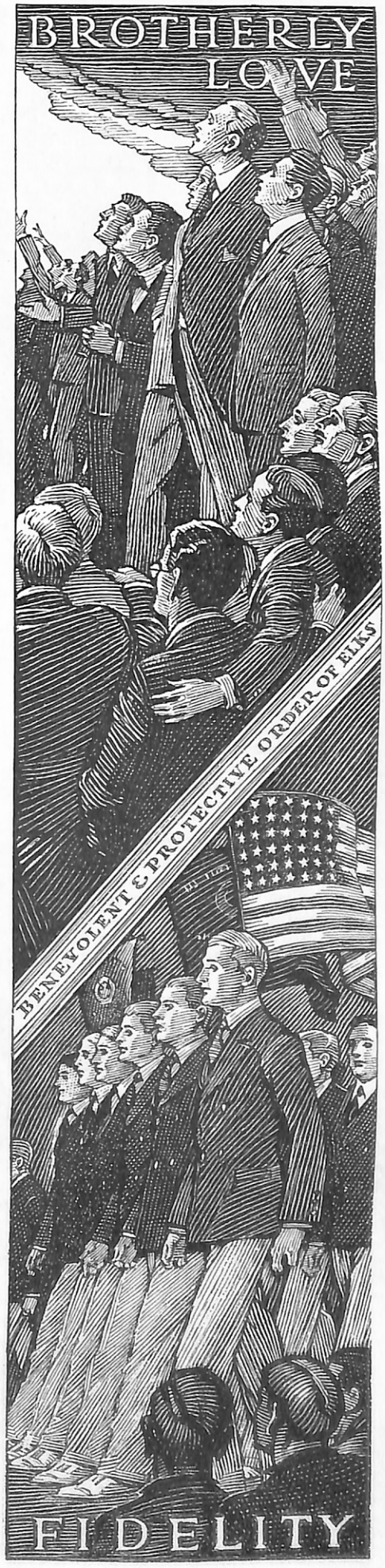
The one, despite a tremendous physical handicap from infancy, as the ward of a local Lodge for more than twenty-five years, had been reared to a charming, capable and cultured womanhood; and was then on her journey to a happy marriage and the fulfillment of woman's highest mission.

The other, the winner of the Elks National Foundation award, was in the full bloom of her beautiful girlhood, and by virtue of her selection for the scholarship prize, was assured of the completion of her training for her chosen career.

It is true these were only two of innumerable such exhibits that might well have been so presented to the Convention. But they served to dramatize, in a most pleasing effective way, the practical achievements of the Order in its fields of service.

The effect of the personal appearance of these young ladies before the Grand Lodge, and of their splendid responses to the greetings accorded them, is, perhaps, best indicated by the statement of a member who witnessed the incidents. With a catch in his voice, born of a deeply stirred emotion, he said: "Gee! I am glad I am an Elk."

He was voicing the obvious sentiments of every member present.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



Above are orphans and trade school boys of Columbus, O., with toys they have made for distribution to poor children at Christmas time. With them are shown Exalted Ruler Paul M. Herbert, Fred H. Hertel, and Secretary C. W. Wallace of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, who are the sponsors of the work



Right: Six members of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, who are also members of The Rifle Team of Marion Fletcher Post, American Legion. The team this year won the State Legion Championship, which gave them the Bill Mundt Trophy

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Prepares for Elks National Bowling Tournament

Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, is organizing in a big way to play host to the Elks National Bowling Tournament in Cincinnati next March and April. E.R. George F. Conver is working shoulder to shoulder with the Bowling Committee of Cincinnati Lodge, and with the approval of the Committee, is planning to supplement it by several important additional committees whose main job will be to look after the comfort and entertainment of the visiting Elk bowlers.

The Bowling Committee has already done a tremendous amount of preliminary work. The enthusiasm and aggressiveness with which the Committee has tackled its job is indicative of the determination of No. 5 to make good its boast that the Tournament at Cincinnati will be the best in the history of these annual events.

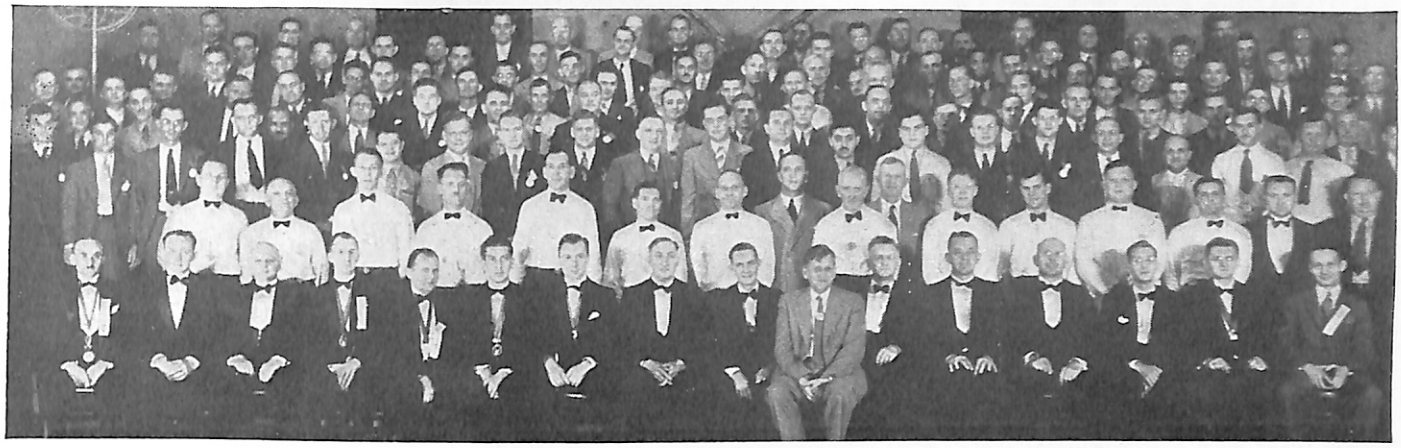
The Committee calls attention to the fact that Cincinnati is near the exact center of population of the United States, and that it is also approximately the center of Elk population. Very few Lodges anywhere in the country have so many subordinate Lodges as near neighbors within a given radius. This is a very important factor in the success of the Tournament, for it makes for convenience and a minimum of expense for the Elk bowlers who will come to Cincinnati to participate in the annual event.

By the time this item appears, pins will be thundering into the pit, and it will be the proper time to begin making preparations to attend this outstanding Tournament. The Cincinnati Committee has suggested that local teams appoint a treasurer and that players give to him a dime

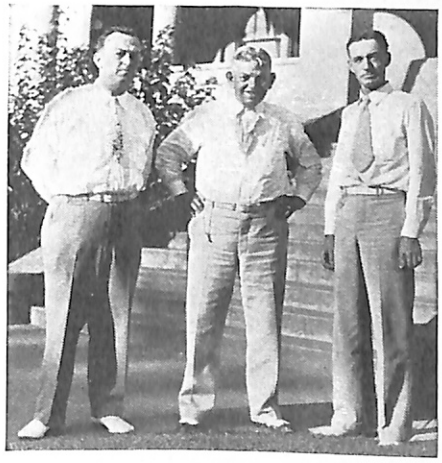


Van Fossen Photo

Above are prominent Champaign, Ill., Lodge Elks who recently took a group of orphans to Chicago where they were the guests of the Chicago National League Ball Club. At extreme left is C. F. Drake, Assistant to Philip K. Wrigley, next to him is Judge Frank B. Leonard, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and members of the Champaign Lodge Committee. Inset: a few of the orphans with a member of the Cubs



Above are officers and members of Steubenville, O., Lodge, and a class of 123 candidates initiated into the Lodge. This was the largest class ever inducted into Steubenville Lodge. In addition to the candidates fifty-four members were reinstated and added by dimit. Ritualistic work of the initiation was splendidly accomplished by the excellent Degree Team of Newcomerstown, O., Lodge, many members of which were present at this meeting



Left is Nick Altrock, center, comedian of the Washington Senators, with Claude A. Thomas, manager of the El Reno Baseball Team and George M. McLean, Grand Inner Guard, E. R. and Past State Pres. of the Okla. State Assn. Altrock was recently entertained at a luncheon given by El Reno Lodge

every time they miss the head-in, and another dime every time they have a miss. When Tournament time rolls around the Lodge teams will find that they not only have their entry fees in the treasury, but a goodly portion of the requisite railroad fare.

Cincinnati Lodge will have a committee on the job to examine membership cards of all Elks who are entered in the Tournament, for the rule adopted by the Elks' National Bowling Association, that members must present membership cards paid up to April 1 of the current year, will be strictly enforced.

Edward A. Gellhaus

Institution of a New Lodge at International Falls, Minn.

International Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1599, recently took its place among the Lodges of the Order when State Assn. officers and prominent Elks from Bemidji, Thief River Falls and other Minnesota Lodges gathered on August 3 to participate in its institution. More than 100 were initiated, and the officers were installed to carry on the activities of the new organization.

A pike dinner was first served in Ranier after which the Elks returned to International Falls to stage a street parade which was one of the most colorful ever seen in the city. The Lodge was instituted at the Colony Club, the ceremonies lasting until well past midnight. The Degree Team of Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052, was in charge of a well executed program of initiation and installation work.

Much time and concentrated effort was spent in connection with the formation of the Lodge by H. E. Terrell, of Minneapolis Lodge, and Arthur P. Johnson, of Hibbing Lodge, in order to bring the matter to a close before the end of their respective terms as District Deputy and First Vice-Pres. of the Minn. State Elks Assn. Mr. Johnson has since been elected to the office of State President. Both took an active part in the institution ceremonies. John B. Christgau, at that time President of the Assn., was among the prominent visitors called upon to speak.

J. A. Rose is the Exalted Ruler of International Falls Lodge, and J. A. Roth is Secretary. The initiation of a class of 50 candidates was scheduled to take place immediately after the completion of the new Home of the Lodge.

Hugo Lutgens, Secy.,
St. Paul Lodge



Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey Crippled Children's Commission, assisting a cheerful group of crippled children into one of the buses which took them on an outing recently held for them by Trenton, N. J. Lodge

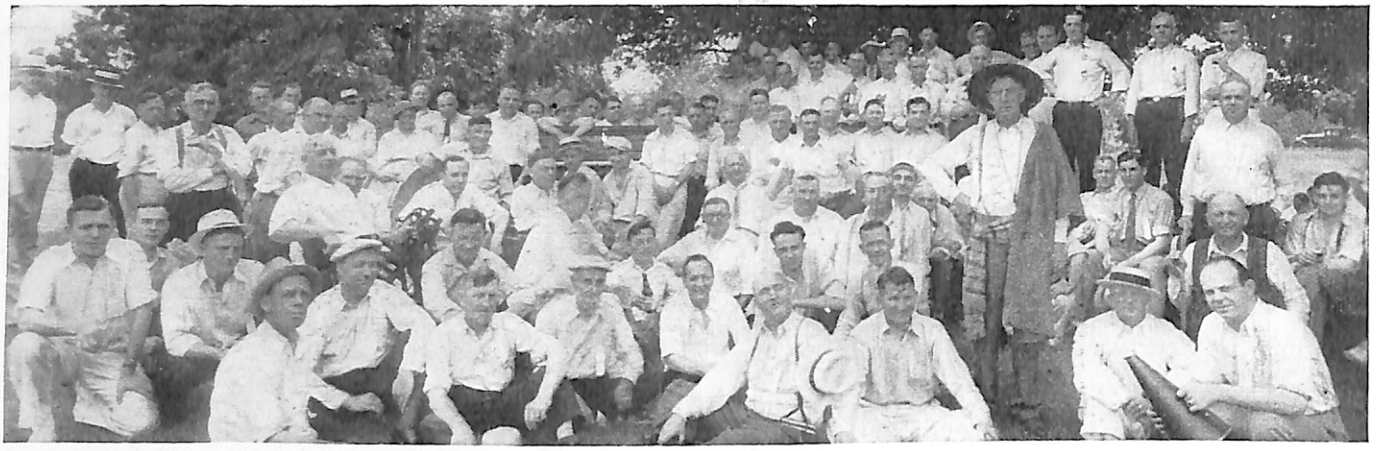
Caspian Hale Honored by Florida Elks

Visiting Elks from all parts of the State of Florida gathered with members of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, to take part in an entertainment and buffet supper at the Lodge Home in honor of Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557. Mr. Hale had just been appointed District Deputy for Florida, East.

The gathering of Past Exalted Rulers and past and present officers of the Order proved to be the largest that has ever been present at a similar function in the State. Short talks were given by Mr. Hale; M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, D.D. for Fla. North; State Pres. W. P. Mooty, Miami; State Secy.-Treas. A. J. Cleary, also of Miami, and P.D.D. Alto Adams, Fort Pierce. At the conclusion of the meeting a number of the members clubbed together and sent a cablegram to Governor and Mrs. David Sholtz, wishing them "bon voyage" on their European trip. The Governor is a member of the Board of Grand Trustees and a Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

Mr. Hale is a member of the House of Representatives from Volusia County, a P.E.R. of New Smyrna Lodge, a member of the Executive Committee and a Past President of the Florida State Elks Association and a former District Deputy. He has also served as an Associate Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

A. J. Cleary, State Secy.-Treas.



Participants in the Annual Picnic held by Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge

P. D. D. Melvin A. Nicoll Mourned by Honolulu Elks

The entire membership of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, mourns deeply the loss of one of its most beloved Past Exalted Rulers, Melvin A. Nicoll. Mr. Nicoll was stricken as he sat at a committee meeting in the Lodge Home.

Mr. Nicoll was born in Honolulu in 1889. His death cut short one of the most promising business careers in the Islands. He had built up a large business as a manufacturer's representative, which was later merged into Muller, Phipps and Nicoll (Hawaii) Ltd., the firm with which he was associated at the time of his death. He was prominent in various civic activities and especially interested in children's welfare work.

Mr. Nicoll was active and proficient in many forms of sport, being an excellent football player and one of the Territory's finest oarsmen. He was one of the mainstays in fraternal organization work, a Mason and Shriner, and one of the most important members of the Order of Elks in Hawaii. He served as District Deputy during the administration of the late Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews in 1929-30.

C. H. Sheerin of Nevada Appointed District Deputy

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan has appointed Chris H. Sheerin, a P.E.R. of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, to serve as District Deputy for Nevada during the coming year. Mr. Sheerin has accepted the appointment and gives his address as Elko, Nev.

(*Continued on page* 44)

Elks National Foundation Awards for 1935-36

Foundation Trustees Honor Will Rogers, Philosopher, Humorist and Elk

Essay to Be Entitled "Will Rogers, His Place and Influence in American Life"



Wide World Studio
Will Rogers

The Elks National Foundation Trustees, in announcing the scholarship prizes to be awarded for the Grand Lodge year 1935-36, wish to honor Will Rogers, whose life was brought to an untimely and tragic end by the crash of an airplane in which he and his friend Wiley Post were traveling over the ice fields of Alaska.

In recognition of Will Rogers' remarkable rise from humble circumstances to world renown, of his contributions to pleasant living by his delightful humor and his keen epitomes of men and events, and in appreciation of the high esteem in which he was held by all types and classes of his fellowmen, the Foundation Trustees have made "Will Rogers—His Place and Influence in American Life" the theme of the essays to be submitted by the contestants for this year's scholarship prizes. In doing so they pay tribute to a fellow Elk, for Will Rogers was a member in good standing of New York Lodge, No. 1. He was initiated over twenty-five years ago under the conduct and guidance of the then Esquire of New York Lodge, Murray Hulbert, afterward Grand Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees.

Will Rogers was an Elk in the finest sense for he exemplified the principles of our Order by unostentatious philanthropy, and his "I never met a man I did not like" contains the whole gospel of brotherly love.

$1,000 for the Most Valuable Student

Two $300 Honorable Mention Scholarships

The Foundation Trustees offer a scholarship award of $1,000 to the most valuable student in the senior or graduating class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order.

Honorable Mention Scholarships of $300 each will be awarded to the two students similarly qualified whose merit ratings are nearest to that of the winner of the principal scholarship.

The students who apply or who are put forward for these prizes must make or have made all representations in their behalf on or before February 1, 1936, in order that the Elks National Foundation Trustees, at their February meeting, may select the ten most deserving. Each of these will be required to write an essay of not more than three thousand words upon the theme "Will Rogers—His Place and Influence in American Life." It is the belief of the Foundation Trustees that they can give to the student body of America no more inspiring or wholesome character upon whom to center their thoughts than this great and genuine American, who lived so close to and so understandingly with his fellow men, and so frequently entertained and enlightened them by his homely philosophies and his delightful fun-making.

In choosing the winner of the most valuable student scholarship and those entitled to honorable mention scholarships, the Foundation Trustees will give consideration to character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment. Also they will judge the worth of a student by the thought, style and general excellence of the essay which is submitted.

(*Continued on page* 42)

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central States Lodges

Newton, Kans., Lodge Holds First Initiation in New Home

Newton, Kans., Lodge, No. 706, held its first initiation in the new Home of the Lodge when 25 candidates were received into the Order, with McPherson, Kans., Lodge, No. 502, in charge of the ritualistic work. P.E.R. Harold Schafer acted as Exalted Ruler. He was assisted by all the P.E.R.'s of McPherson Lodge.

McPherson Lodge officiated at the institution of Newton Lodge on June 14, 1901. Among those present at the initiation was G. R. Strause who had been present at the institution 34 years before.

J. C. Bolen, Correspondent

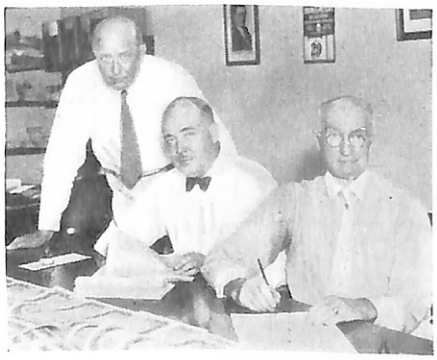
Excellent Reorganization in Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge

A reorganization plan has been effected by Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, which has met with popular favor and of which the officers and members are extremely proud. It was worked out by E.R. Howard T. Ott, the Directors of Milwaukee Lodge, and the Bondholders' Protective Committee.

A bond issue in the amount of $475,000, due in 20 years, with interest beginning November 1, 1935, and based on the net income, up to three per cent., has been issued in one of the speediest reorganization plans ever effected in the Federal Court in Milwaukee.

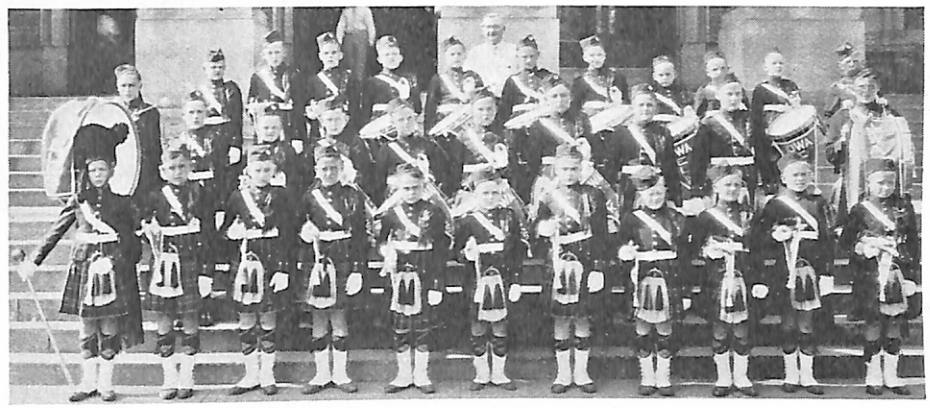


Godfrey



Top: With this float Aurora, Ill., Lodge won first prize in a recent parade

Below: M. G. Peters, Treas.; Howard T. Ott, E.R.; and P. J. Kelly, Secy., of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, sign the bonds under a financial reorganization plan recently effected by the Lodge



The Boys' Band of Decorah, Ia., Lodge which was present at Columbus during the Grand Lodge Convention

The plan for rehabilitation, approved by Federal Judge F. A. Geiger, provides that holders of Elks' bonds issued in 1925 when the Home of the Lodge was built, will receive new bonds in exchange for the old ones that will repay the bondholders 40 cents on the dollar. Bonds in the amount of $1,032,200 were issued to help build the Home and holders of these can now exchange them at the rate of a $100 old bond for a $40 new bond.

The plan also provides that the holders of notes secured by collateral may exchange them at the rate of $75 worth of collateral for a $40 new bond.

George W. Wolpert

Saginaw, Mich., Lodge Sponsors Baseball Excursion to Detroit

Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, recently sponsored a baseball excursion to Detroit, Mich., for a game between the New York Yankees and the Detroit Tigers. About a month before the game, Saginaw Lodge placed a reservation for 1,000 grandstand reserved seats. The baseball tickets, railroad fare and street car tickets cost the Lodge $3.21 per person, and the Lodge sold all of these as a unit for $3.75. Beer and sandwiches were served on the train, and consequently the net return to the Lodge's General Fund was approximately $900.

An 11-car special passenger train, including three refreshment cars, took the Saginaw Elks to Detroit. While the Saginaw rooters were disappointed at the outcome of the game—the Detroit Tigers losing to New York—they were nevertheless delighted at having witnessed a contest replete with thrills.

Leo N. Dine, E.R.

Champaign, Ill., Lodge Takes Children on a Trip

Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398, a short time ago, took 115 orphans and crippled children from Champaign to Chicago where they were guests of P. K. Wrigley and the Chicago National League Ball Club. Box seats were provided for them at the ball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Although Champaign is but 130 miles from Chicago, about 90 per cent of the children had never visited the city. It was arranged, therefore, that the buses take them through the business district and along Michigan Avenue so that they might see the skyscrapers and enjoy a view of Lake Michigan.

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, acted as host to the out-of-town visitors at a luncheon held in the Lodge Home. On the return trip, the children were entertained at the Home of Kankakee, Ill., Lodge, No. 627, at dinner.

The party was accompanied by Judge Frank B. Leonard, Past State Pres. and Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; E.R. R. L. Earl, Secy. A. E. Wolfe; V. L. Nickell, Marc E. Dillavou, Paul Kent and Charles E. Keller of Champaign Lodge.

F. B. Leonard, Past State Pres.

News of Borger, Texas, Lodge

Members of Borger, Texas, Lodge, No. 1581, have taken an active interest in a leisure time project for the boys and girls of the community. More than 1,300 children are enrolled in the boys' and girls' clubs of the Young People's Organization, formed in Borger last year under the direction of Mrs. Harry S. Willis.

Games, athletics, swimming, folk dancing, croquet, singing, sewing, cooking, manual training, dramatics and Spanish are taught daily by competent instructors.

Borger Lodge has contributed financially to the success of the youth program, making gifts of cash and donating food supplies for the children. The Lodge took over the bulk of the financial burden by contributing $85 each month during the summer for the salaries of directors. When it was found that a number of the children were in need of medical attention, a health program was made a part of the youth movement. Milk and sandwiches are furnished at a regular hour each day, and an average gain of two pounds for each child has resulted. One hundred and seventy-five children have had tonsils and adenoids removed. Many youngsters have had eye glasses fitted and many dental cases cared for.

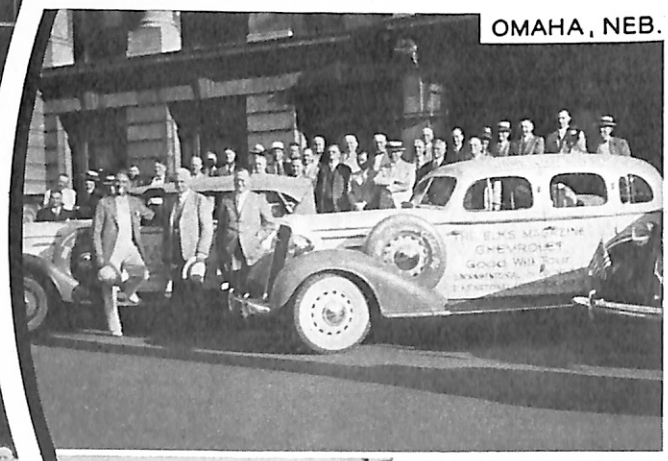
Pictures 1935 Good



DELAWARE, OHIO



GRANITE CITY, ILL.



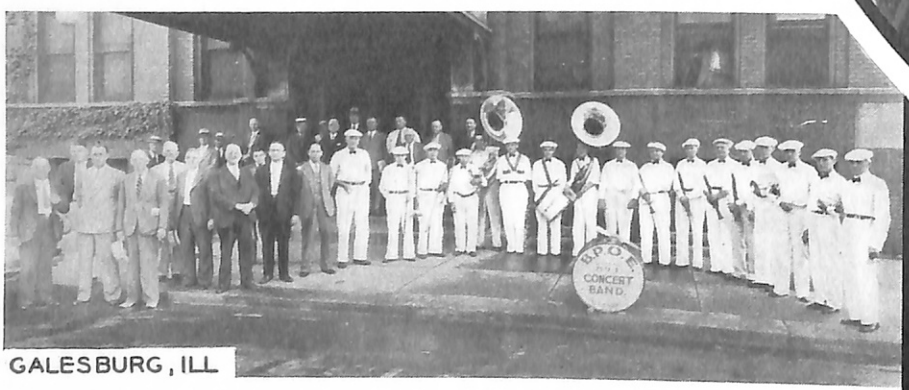
OMAHA, NEB.



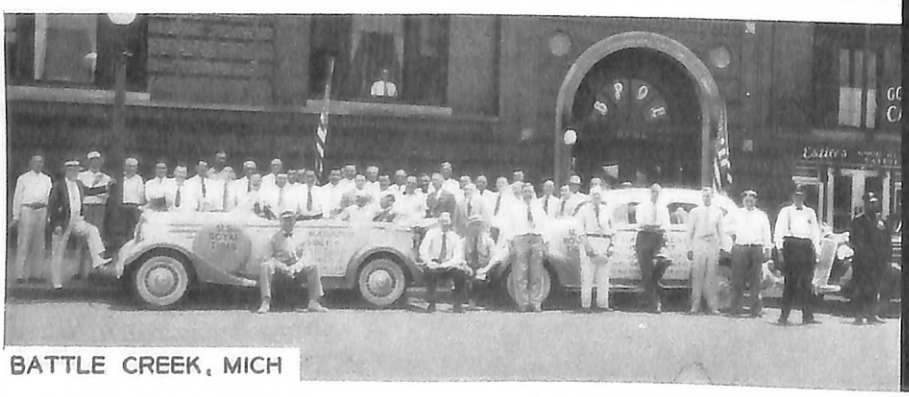
BAY CITY, MICH.



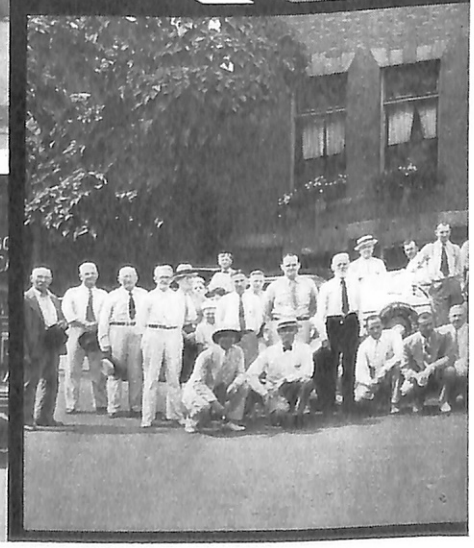
GRAND ISLAND, NEB



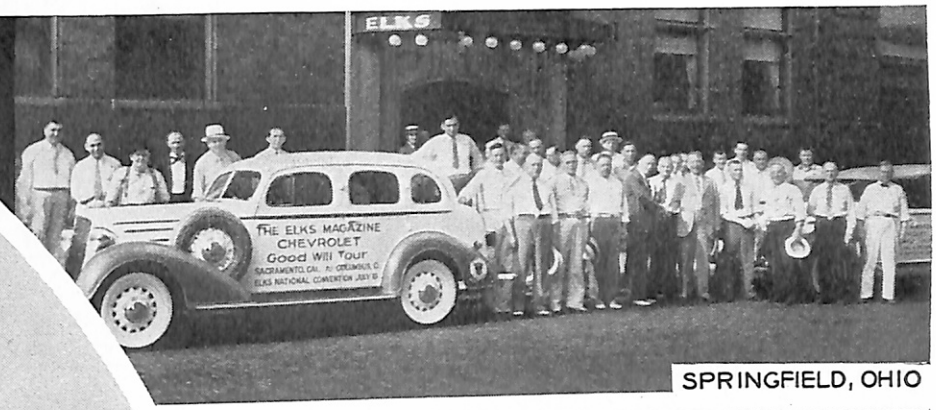
GALESBURG, ILL.



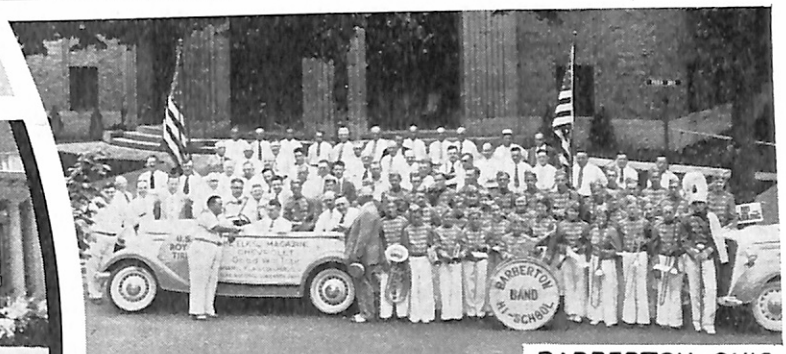
BATTLE CREEK, MICH



from the Will Tour

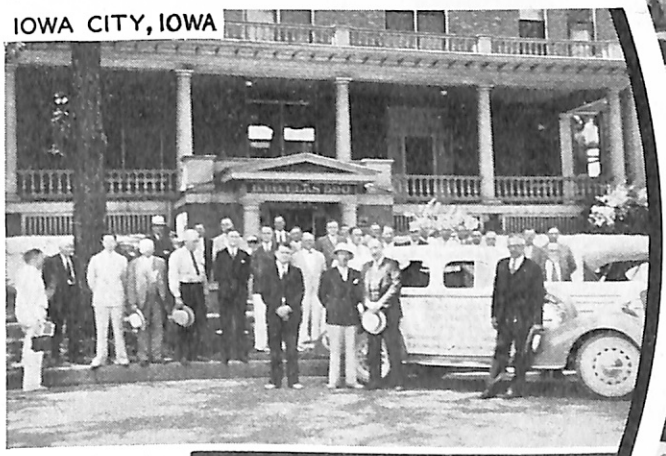


SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



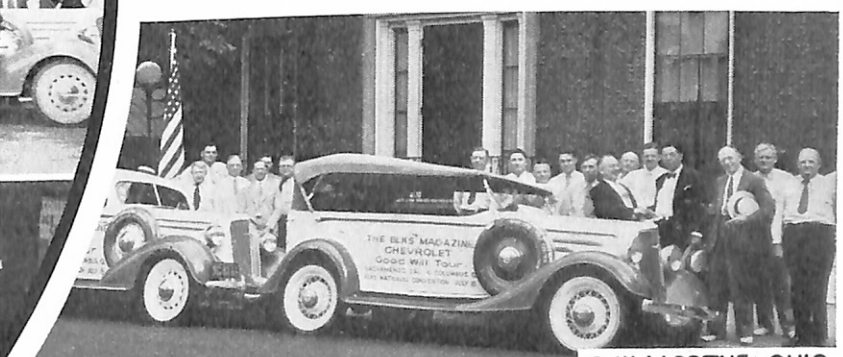
BARBERTON, OHIO

IOWA CITY, IOWA



CHICAGO, ILL.





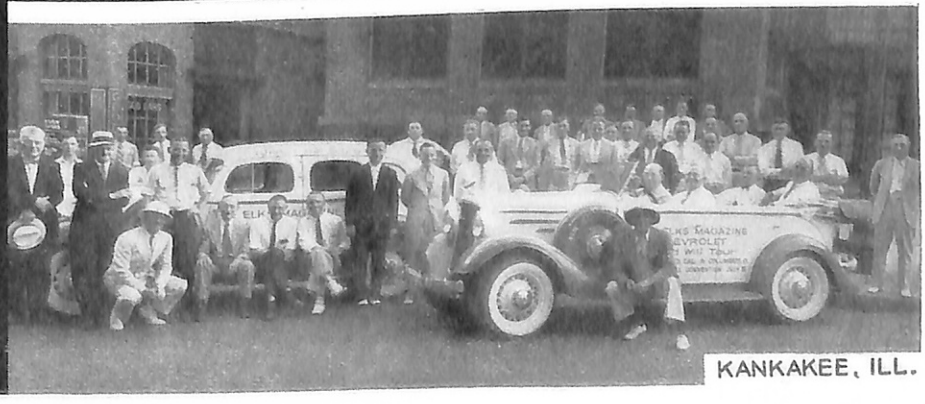
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO



BRAZIL, IND.



LOGANSPORT, IND.



KANKAKEE, ILL.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Sainsbury Photo Co.

GRAND Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, accompanied by Theodore J. Groh, a fellow member of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, who is traveling with him, continued his whirlwind trip through the country to discuss the affairs of the Order with his District Deputies after the conclusion of his visit to Colorado Springs Lodge. This Conference was reported in the September issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Judge Hallinan and Mr. Groh arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, early in the morning on August 6, and were met and taken to breakfast by a number of prominent members of the Order, after which a tour of the city was made. The officers of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, entertained at luncheon in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, among those present being Past Grand Tiler E. W. Kelly; D.D. W. Harry Nightingale; E.R. Douglas E. Lambourne; Secy. N. A. Smithen; P.D.D.'s D. T. Lane and George H. Llewellyn, Thomas Homer and E. W. Browning, all P.E.R.'s of Salt Lake City Lodge; D.D. Thomas J. McInerney, of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, and Mr. Groh.

A visit was paid later to Governor Henry H. Blood. Among those in the party accompanying Judge Hallinan to the Capitol were E.R. Lambourne; Harry S. Joseph, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; D.D. Nightingale, and P.E.R.'s A. G. Gunn and Dr. E. W. Browning, all of No. 85. Mr. McInerney, Mr. Nightingale and Mr. Lambourne met with the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Regional Conference for the States of Wyoming and Utah. Before departing for Butte, Mont., that evening, Judge Hallinan and Mr. Groh were guests at an enjoyable informal dinner at the Hotel Utah.

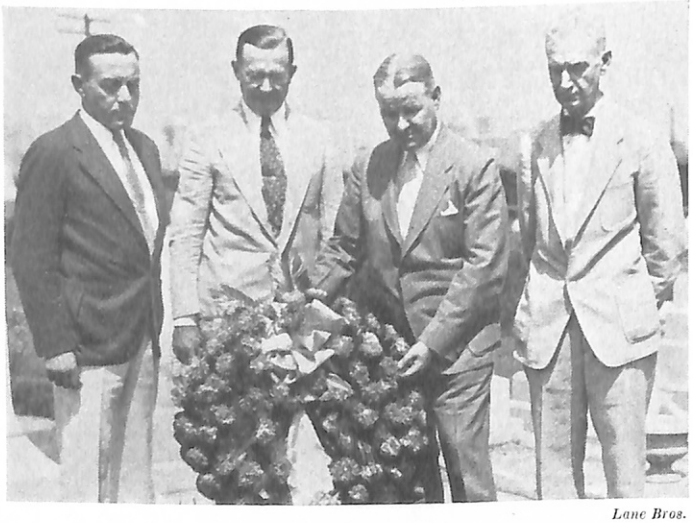
The Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted upon his arrival by a delegation of Butte Lodge officers and members headed by E.R. William J. Nicholls. His visit to the Lodge was a surprise to the membership as the stop was made primarily for a conference with the District Deputies of Montana and Idaho. Present at the conference were D.D.'s Homer Hudelson, Ida., South; James H. Neil, Ida., North; J. H. Bohling, Mont., East, and H. F. Root, Mont., West. E.R. Dean M. Marty of St. Maries, Ida., Lodge, was a member of the Idaho delegation.

At Salt Lake City: P.E.R. E. W. Browning; Theo. J. Groh; P.E.R. Harry S. Joseph; D. D. Thomas J. McInerney; D. D. W. Harry Nightingale; Judge Hallinan; P.E.R. Geo. H. Llewellyn; D. E. Lambourne, E. R.; Sec'y N. A. Smithen; and P.E.R.'s Darrell T. Lane; Thomas Homer and E. W. Kelly

Coincident to Judge Hallinan's visit to Salt Lake City was that of Kiwanis International President, Harper Gatton, shown with the Judge at left



Tribune—Telegram



Lane Bros.

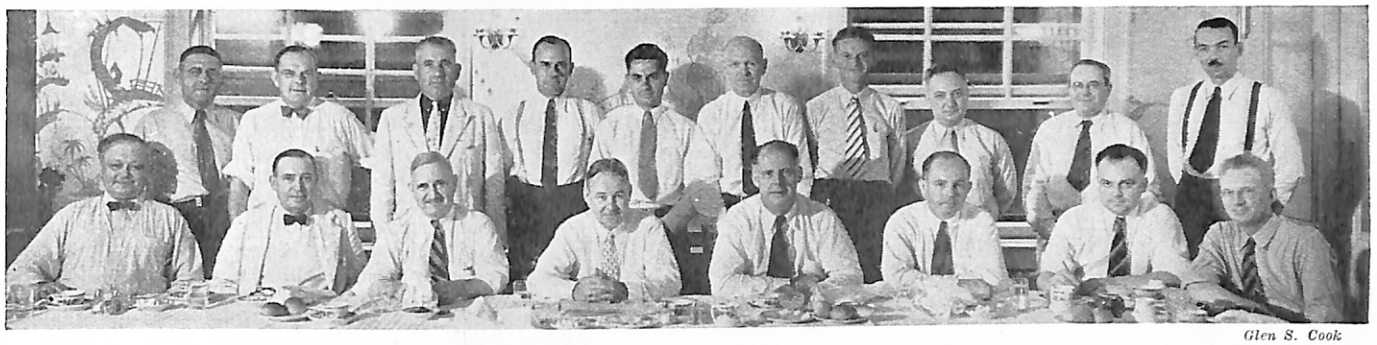
Placing a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews in Atlanta; D. D. George M. Thompson; John S. McCelland, then Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Judge Hallinan; D. D. M. Frank O'Brien

Following the Conference, which was held at the Finlen Hotel, Judge Hallinan toured the city and attended an informal reception at the Lodge Home.

The first member of Butte Lodge for whom Judge Hallinan inquired upon his arrival in the city, was Harry A. Gallwey. The Elks' national leader carried greetings to Mr. Gallwey from Joseph T. Fanning, Dean of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order. Mr. Gallwey is a life member of Butte Lodge and a P.D.D., and was the first President of the Montana State Elks Assn.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next journeyed to Minneapolis, Minn., accompanied by Mr. Groh and State Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, of Fargo, N. D., Lodge. Mr. Stern is a former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee and a Past State President. Judge Hallinan met with the following District Deputies from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and North Dakota: W. Del Curtis, Wis., N.W.; Otis L. Trenary, Wis., South; C. A. Bardessnono, Minn., North; Harris F. Anderson, Minn., South; Frank O. Logic, Mich., North; and Noel F. Tharalson, N. Dak. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, were present at the meeting. Judge Hallinan expressed the feeling that much had been accomplished by the Conference which was a most successful one.

That night the Grand Exalted Ruler



Glen S. Cook

Those who attended the District Deputy meeting at Albany, N. Y., are, back row: James Moran, Secy. to Judge Hallinan; D.D.'s Wolff, McGrath, Doyle, Petroccia, Roddy, and Kelly; Fred Decker, Secy. of Albany Lodge, State Trustee Buchheim and E. A. Mooney, E. R. Front row, seated are: Grand Trustee Phillips, State Secy. Clancy, State Pres. Geo. W. Denton, Judge Hallinan, Murray Hulbert, P. G. E. R., Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; and D. D.'s Bradley and Cushman



Schreick's Studio

In circle, Judge Hallinan placing a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, at Columbus, O.

Below, at Columbus, Past Grand Trustee Jas. S. Richardson, Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch; Judge Hallinan; C. W. Wallace, Secy. of Columbus Lodge; Grand Treasurer Dr. E. J. McCormick; and Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle

hurried on to Omaha, Neb., where he held a Regional Conference with the District Deputies of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas at the Paxton Hotel. Among those present were D.D.'s S. A. Martin, Ia., S.E.; John J. Barton, Ia., West; Fred C. Laird, Neb., East; James L. Martin, Neb., West; James B. Kelsey, Kans., East; and C. G. Brosius, Kans., West. Other distinguished members of the Order attending were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb.; Judge James M. Fitzgerald, of Omaha, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa, Ia. Many P.E.R.'s of Omaha Lodge were on hand, and much was accomplished by this meeting.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Omaha on the evening of August 10 and arrived in St. Louis, Mo., early the following morning. He was met by a group of distinguished members of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, and enjoyed a hearty breakfast with them before proceeding to his Regional Conference with the District Deputies of Illinois, Tennessee and Missouri. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., and Grand Trustee Judge Henry C.



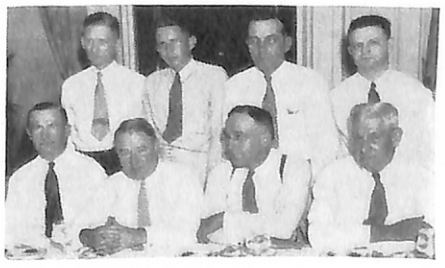
Warner, of Dixon, Ill., were in attendance. The District Deputies present were: Charles W. Kurtz, Ill., E. Cent.; Franz A. Koehler, Ill., N.E.; Philip H. Ward, Ill., N. W.; Charles W. Stricklin, Ill., South; H. C. Hardy, Ill., S.E.; Bryan Cafferey, Ill., S. W., and John F. Strand, Ill., W. Cent.; Joe Freed, Tenn., West; G. D. Bartram, Missouri, East, and Dr. Don H. Silsby, Missouri, West, and many P.E.R.'s of St. Louis Lodge including Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith.

The next of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Regional Conferences took place at a luncheon meeting held in the Deshler-Wallick Hotel in Columbus, O., on August 12 at noon. The District Deputies present included C. J. Howe, Mich., Cent.; Ward E. Fulcher, Mich., East; Albert J. Ott, Mich., West; Harley H. Rudolph, Indiana, North; H. D. Andrews, Ind. Cent.; Harry E. McClain, Ind., South Cent.; David R. Scott, Ind., South; Harlow M. Stahl, Ohio, North Cent.; Ralph H. Stone, Ohio, N.E.; Melvin C. Light, Ohio, N.W.; Robert W. Dunkle, Ohio, South Cent.; David H. Dankworth, Ohio, S.E.; Thomas J. O'Neill, Ohio, S.W.; Harry R. Cronin, West Va., North; H. B. Smith, W. Va., South; Charles B. Truesdell, Ky., East; Arnold Westermann, Ky., West, and W. L. Ainsworth, Wis., N.E.

The Columbus conference was honored by the presence of many high officials of the Order including Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, O.; Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind.; James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, O., and John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., each of whom has served as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; James A. Diskin, Newport, Ky., former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; William Petri, Cincinnati, O., Treasurer of the O. State Elks Assn.; J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo, and Ernst Von Bargen, Cincinnati, Past Presidents of the O. State Assn.; Col. C. W. Wallace, Secy. of Columbus Lodge; Carl R. Phelps, E.R. of Conneaut, O., Lodge, and Fred Elville, Toledo, and W. C. Groebl, Shelbyville, Secy. of the Indiana State Elks Assn.

While in Columbus the Grand Exalted

(*Continued on page* 43)



Above, at Atlanta, Ga., are seated: former Chief Justice John S. McClelland, Judge Hallinan, Judge V. B. Moore, Past State Pres. J. Gordon Hardy; standing, D.D.'s C. L. Haley, G. M. Austin, George M. Thompson, and George W. Upchurch on the occasion of the D. D. Meeting held there

News of the State Associations



Orr-Kiefer Studio

Members of the Florida State Elks Association at a luncheon held in the Deshler-Wallick Hotel at Columbus during the Grand Lodge Convention. Grand Trustee David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, was Toastmaster

Ohio

THE Ohio State Elks Association met at Sandusky, Ohio, on August 26, 27, 28 and 29 to hold its annual Convention. The meeting opened Monday night, August 26, with Past State Pres. William H. Reinhart of Sandusky, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, in charge. The main feature of entertainment during the course of the program was a concert given by the male chorus of Lorain Lodge. The opening address was delivered by P.E.R. W. D. Cole, of Lakewood Lodge. On Tuesday, members of the Association were entertained at the Home of Sandusky Lodge. The ladies played bridge in the afternoon, joining the Elks at a fish fry in the evening. The annual Ohio State Golf Tournament was held on the following day.

On Wednesday afternoon the first business session was called by President William G. Campbell, of Lorain. Reports were read for the year, and Mr. Campbell rendered his report which indicated that more Lodges had affiliated with the State Association than ever before. Memorial services were held with Past State Pres. Clyde Reasoner, of Zanesville, a member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, in charge. P.E.R. William C. Graves, of Cleveland Lodge, gave an excellent address.

On Wednesday afternoon after the business session, the P.E.R.'s Assn. of Ohio held its annual meeting and reported on its activity at the Grand Lodge Convention. Officers were elected. Past State Pres. A. Bart Horton, of Cincinnati, was chosen President, and the Executive Committee named. The annual banquet of the organization was held that evening honoring Mr. Reinhart, who was 70 years of age on that day. He made a short talk and later in the evening entertained the Past State Presidents and State Association officers at his home in Sandusky.

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was present in Sandusky on Thursday, August 29, to spend a full day with the Ohio Elks. He reviewed the annual parade and addressed the meeting held in Convention Hall at Cedar Point in the afternoon. The parade, always a fine one, was as successful as usual. The first prize for appearance of participants went to Columbus Lodge; second prize, to Lorain Lodge, with its ladies' marching club in line, and third, to Alliance Lodge. Newark Lodge won the prize for the Lodge from a distant city with most members in line. Warren Lodge won the prize for band entry, and Bellevue Lodge was awarded the drum corps prize. Judge Hallinan spoke again that evening at the annual banquet of the State Association held in the dining room at The Breakers. The banquet was the concluding feature of the Reunion.

The State Association was honored by the presence of two other Grand Lodge officers, in addition to Judge Hallinan. They were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, who escorted Judge Hallinan to Sandusky. James S. Richardson, of Cincinnati, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was also present. He annually accompanies his home Lodge delegation to the Ohio State Conventions.

After the Grand Exalted Ruler's address at the business session Thursday afternoon, the annual election of officers was held. The new officers are: Pres., Charles W. Casselman, Alliance; 1st Vice-Pres., Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. B. LeSueur, Toledo; 3rd Vice-Pres., Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin; Secy., Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., William Petri, Cincinnati; Trustees, Jack Lais, Norwalk; Charles L. Haslop, Newark, and John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati. The latter two were held over from previous terms. The officers were immediately installed and the business session of the Convention concluded.

Dave Spaulding,
Correspondent

New Jersey

AT the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held in the Home of Englewood Lodge, No. 1157, on Sunday, September 8, a proposal by Pres. Nicholas Albano that all the Elks in the State undertake a pledged safety automobile driving campaign was enthusiastically adopted by unanimous vote of the delegates. Money for immediate inauguration of the plan was provided and the President was authorized to appoint necessary committees at once.

A slogan will be decided upon and every Elk in the State who drives a car will be provided with an attractive windshield sticker pledging himself and members of his family to the "New Jersey Elks' Campaign for Safe Driving."

It is believed that no less than 40,000 auto vehicles in New Jersey are owned or operated by Elks and the plan is to have every one of them display the Elks Safe Driving pledge. Other organizations will be invited to cooperate in making the plan a success, just as has been done in the New Jersey Elks' crippled children work. Pres. Albano expressed the opinion that the New Jersey Elks, having successfully carried on a program to rehabilitate crippled children, can be just as successful with their new plan to prevent crippling.

A proposal to foster a youth movement for the Lodges of the State submitted by Pres. Albano was also adopted. This will include a father and son membership campaign.

Announcement was made that permission has been granted to hold the State Association annual parade on the boardwalk at Atlantic City next June, which is expected to insure at least 10,000 in the line of march.

The next quarterly meeting of the Association will be held in the Home of Orange Lodge, No. 135, on Sunday, December 8.

West Virginia

THE 27th Annual Convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association was held on August 12-13-14 at the Home of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 778. The first business session took place promptly Monday afternoon when the delegates and visitors were formally welcomed. That evening a dance was given in the Lodge Home, with a block dance, free to the public, held outside the Home. The same program prevailed Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

On Tuesday morning, a brief business session was held, followed by a picnic at Schad's Park. A Memorial Service was also held Tuesday morning. The eulogy was delivered by P.D.D. Judge Edward S. Puller, of Washington, D.C., Lodge. Tuesday afternoon visiting Elks and their ladies were taken on an automobile tour of the section, returning in time to prepare for the evening's entertainment at the Lodge Home.

At the business session on the morning of August 14, officers were elected to serve the Assn. during the coming year. They are: Pres., Dr. Marvin H. Porterfield, Martinsburg; Vice-Pres.'s: Paul A. Dechan, Moundsville; M. Boyd Wilson, Sr., Sistersville, E. Mark Kincaid, Blue-

field, and J. Eustace Chilton, Charleston; Secy., Walter B. Wilson, Clarksburg; Treas., Jesse L. Cramer, Parkersburg; Trustees: R. D. Lake, Charleston; Stewart F. Ireson, Williamson; Arch F. Dawson, Morgantown; J. M. Ripple, Martinsburg, and John F. Brown, Elkins.

On Thursday morning the new President, Dr. Porterfield, made the following appointments: Chaplain, the Rev. P. A. Mullally, Clarksburg; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. B. Eshenbaugh, Mannington; Inner Guard, Dr. George C. Eoff, Wellsburg, and Tiler P. L. Dye, Elkins.

THE Convention accepted an invitation from Charleston Lodge, No. 202, to hold the next annual meeting in Charleston. The State Association reported a gain in membership of 515 members.

One of the acts of the Wednesday morning session was to bestow upon Past State President J. M. Ripple a life membership in the Association. Mr. Ripple is a Trustee of the Assn.

The annual parade was held on Wednesday afternoon, bringing out a great throng of Martinsburg citizens. The parade, a colorful and lively spectacle, did much to boost the Association with those who witnessed it. That evening the final dance and entertainment program occupied the attention of those who remained in Martinsburg.

The chief aim of the Association in the charitable field will center on aid to the crippled children's movement and the milk fund. The latter has been one of the main activities in many West Virginia Lodges during the past year.

Walter B. Wilson, State Secy.

Colorado

THE Colorado State Elks Association held its annual convention August 21-22-23 at Loveland, with a fine attendance of delegates from Lodges all over the State. Many distinguished Colorado Elks were present, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling Lodge; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Lloyd R. Allen, of Colorado Springs Lodge; Judge Wilbur M. Alter, of Victor Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum; D.D. George L. Hamllik, Central City Lodge; George McLachlan, of Denver Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past Grand Inner Guard Joseph H. Loor, of Pueblo Lodge; Governor Edwin C. Johnson, a P.E.R. of Craig Lodge; Past State Presidents Byron T. Albert, Fort Collins; Milton L. Anfenger, Denver; William R. Patterson, Greeley; and W. V. Roberts, Fort Collins; Past District Deputy George H. Carr, Brighton; Past Exalted Ruler Kenneth A. Johnson, Fort Collins; Secretary Thomas Andrew, Pueblo; E.R. William A. Black and P.E.R. Jacob L. Sherman, of Denver Lodge.

The business meeting was the liveliest in many years, abounding in enthusiasm and optimism. Mr. Coen made a comprehensive report of Grand Lodge activities, and offered valuable suggestions to the Assn. for promoting the welfare of the Order in the State. It was decided to hold a semi-annual meeting of the Assn. during the holiday season next winter, probably in Colorado Springs.

The Ritualistic Contest was a close one and was won by Boulder Lodge with Pueblo Lodge second and Colorado Springs Lodge third.

Loveland Lodge provided a fine program of entertainment among the attractions being tournaments of various kinds, stage shows, horse races and a splendid parade held on the last day of the Meeting. As usual, the "Longmont Cowboy Band," led by E.R. James L. Carroll of Longmont Lodge, proved to be one of the most popular features of the Convention. The Band furnished constant entertainment, giving both daytime and evening performances.

The Association voted to continue a phase of work that it has carried on for several years with highly successful results. This particular activity sponsors the salvaging of boys as they are released from the State Industrial School. They are placed in school, or employment is secured for them, and they are looked out for by the Association until they are "out of the woods." This care and influence has a far-reaching and beneficent effect.

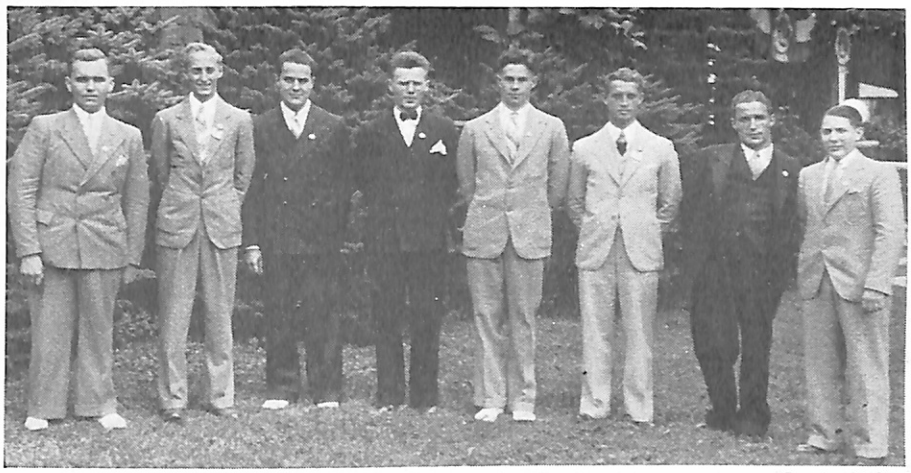
The following officers were elected to serve the Assn. during 1935-36: Pres., Joseph L. Sherman, Denver; Vice-Pres.'s: O. J. Fisher, Greeley; George L. Hamllik, Central City; C. C. Bellinger, Pueblo, and Henry B. Zanella, Ouray; Secy., W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Trustees: J. R. Kissock, Fort Collins, and Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo; Chaplain, Val Higgins, Denver.

W. P. Hurley, State Secy.

Minnesota

THE 31st Annual Meeting of the Minnesota State Elks Association was held in Eveleth, August 8-9-10, with Eveleth Lodge, No. 1161, acting as host. Seventeen of the 22 Lodges in the State were officially represented.

The business session, at which officers for 1935-36 were elected, took place on the morning of the 9th. Pres. John B. Christgau, of Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, presided. Hugo Lutgens, Secy. of St. Paul, No. 59, was Acting Secretary in the absence of State Secy. Col. W. T. Mollison who was unable to attend. Arthur P. Johnson, of Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022, was elected President. The other officers chosen are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., Leonard Eriksson, Fergus Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres., Leo J. Cronin, Rochester; 3rd Vice-Pres., Raymond E. Carlson, Eveleth; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls; Trustee, Frank A. Schultz, Mankato. B. H. Bischoff, Hibbing, was appointed Secretary.



Brandau Studio

Above are 8 out of 9 winners of scholarship awards made by the Pa. State Elks Assn. recently. The State Assn. presented 7 scholarships of $250 each to 7 candidates, one from each district. The North Central District matched the awards by financing two more scholarships of its own at an extra cost of $500. The North Central District's candidates are physically rehabilitated orthopedic cases. The Pa. State Assn. a year ago adopted student aid work as a state-wide activity

A RESOLUTION was passed by the Association paying splendid tribute to W. C. Robertson, Past Pres., who passed away during the Grand Lodge Reunion at Columbus just after his election to the office of Grand Treasurer. Mr. Robertson was Postmaster of Minneapolis, a former member of various Grand Lodge Committees, a P.D.D., and a P.E.R. of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44.

The Welfare Committee of Rochester Lodge, No. 1091, reported that 65 Elks had received care in Rochester Hospitals, and that members of the Committee had made 120 calls between June 1 and July 31.

A proposal was made by Mr. Johnson, the newly elected President, to organize a "Social Security Committee" in each subordinate Lodge, the purpose being to secure employment for members out of work. A General Advisory Committee was to be appointed to keep in constant touch with the various Lodges, and also to make contacts with employment agencies throughout the State.

The 1936 Convention will be held in Minneapolis.

Continuous entertainment was afforded during the three days by the General Arrangements Committee, consisting of P.E.R.'s Raymond E. Carlson, Maurice Levant and G. H. Murray of Eveleth Lodge. Eveleth is situated in the heart

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The Finnerty Label

(*Continued from page* 15)

Why should you hold it against Finnerty that his father makes ale and stout? And besides,' I goes on with a bit of shrewdness, 'being so green in the country 'tis amusing he might be for you and your guests.'

"She flushed as I well knew she would.

"'Murphy,' she says angrily, 'you know I am not one to invite a guest to my house for that reason.' She paused a moment—then smiled. 'I guess,' she says at last, 'that I'll ask him anyway. Good-bye.'

"And with that she streaks off up the road to Bluelock.

"That evening I stopped by the Inn for a word with Rogan.

"'Tis I,' I told him, 'who looks out for you socially.'

"'I know,' he says with a grin. 'I was called to the phone this evening. 'Twas she, asking me to a Friday night party.'

"'Will you go?' I asks.

"'Will you have a drink?' says he. ''Tis me that's thinking the answer to both is the same.'

"When we stood at the bar, I said: 'Her young man, so she told me, does not approve of your riding.'

"That is a shame,' says Rogan.

"'Mister Farci, says she to me. . . .'

"'What was that?' says Finnerty interrupting me sharply.

"'Her young man,' says I. 'His name is Farci.'

"'Saints!' says Finnerty putting down his glass. ''Tis him I am after.'

"'After?' I asked in surprise.

"'Surely! For isn't it him who pasted good Finnerty labels on bad brew all these years?'

"'Faith!' I exclaimed. 'I would give all I own to be at Miss Ellen's party. Something tells me that beside it Hogarty's shakedown would seem like a ladies' tea.'

"He toyed with his glass for a moment.

"'No, Murphy, my friend,' he says at last, 'it will not happen there, for I am not one to be spoiling a lovely girl's evening, and she the hostess. But,' he adds, and I see the clean line of his jaw go hard, 'it will not be long after, I can promise you that.'

I HAD word of the doings at the great DeVarney house the night of the party through Katy, my niece, who was up there helping with the service. Rogan, it seemed, was a sensation. He looked like a dark young god in his Bond Street clothes, and there wasn't a girl present who wasn't full of devices for meeting, and dancing with, the handsome young stranger.

"One of the Adams daughters had him in tow for most of the evening. She'd a bit of a way with her, so it was almost eleven before Rogan got around to dancing with his hostess. Myself, I think it was all planned by Rogan, perhaps with the aid of a ten dollar bill, for why else should the orchestra suddenly burst into an old time waltz with more than a hint of green about it?

"Sure, Katy said that never had such youth and beauty graced the old house as when Rogan waltzed with Miss Ellen. It made all the slinky steps that the young folks were doing look like so many antics at the zoo. Lovely, she looked, in his arms, and he holding her proudly, and their eyes



"Ever since you got back from Africa, all you want to do is rough it!"

clung together as if they never would part. As for Michele Farci, he skulked on the sidelines like a leopard, and it did him no good at all when Rogan, after the dance was finished, offered his arm to Miss Ellen and led her out on the verandah.

"Katy managed to fuss around out there with some glasses and such, and she heard a great deal of their conversation.

"Miss Ellen sat by the rail in the starlight, young Finnerty, tall and straight, standing over her.

"'Faith,' says he, 'your hair should catch the rays of the little Irish moon and hold them. 'Twould be a beautiful sight, though I am not complaining as to what I see now.'

"'Your speech is as bold as ever, isn't it?' asks Miss Ellen.

"'It has been my experience,' says Rogan, 'that beauty like yours is usually starved. In Ireland we are given to loving our fairest women, and not to worshipping them from a far off distance.'

"Katy said she saw Miss Ellen go red in the darkness; in a voice that was far from calm, and attempting to change the subject, she said: 'You must come to the race meet next week. You will see some good racing.'

"'And your walk,' said young Rogan. 'Sure, the rowan tree in the evening breeze is not half so graceful.'

"'Michele Farci,' says she, 'is riding my filly, Candlelight.'

"Rogan dropped his romancing and became quite serious: 'Not that sweet little bit I've seen you riding up on the ridge?'

"'Yes,' says Miss Ellen.

"'Oh, now,' says Rogan in great distress. 'I would not let him ride her if I were you.'

"Miss Ellen's eyes flashed.

"'And why not?' she asks.

"'Because,' says Rogan, 'and to speak frankly, I do not like his manners with horseflesh. I doubt his experience in such a contest, and he reminds me of the touts I have seen around the Dublin horse-parks. And, if I am not impertinent, would you mind telling me where you met this man in the first place?'

"Miss Ellen stood up.

"'You are rude,' she says, 'Mister Finnerty. And your manner of speech has not improved since the day we first met on the ridge. As for Michele Farci—he owned some of the smartest clubs in New York where gentlepeople met and dined and danced together. Please take me in.'

"'I will not only take you in,' says Rogan bridling himself, 'but I will continue on out through the door of your house.'

"'As you wish,' says Miss Ellen.

"Stiffly they walked through the ball room, and as stiffly into the halls, for Miss Ellen, the thoroughbred that she is, would always see a guest to the door. They are coming down the great staircase, neither looking at one another nor speaking, when a great booming voice from below hails Rogan. It was Major Parkman, from the East slope of Bluelock, and him a steward of the Bluelock Hunt.

"'Rogan Finnerty,' he shouts. 'Rogan Finnerty!'

ROGAN half runs down the rest of the steps, when he sees who it is, and holds out his hand and grins.

"'How do you do, Major?' says he.

"'By all that's holy,' exclaims the old boy pumping young Rogan's hand, 'when did you arrive in the land?'

"'A few weeks ago,' says Rogan.

"'You are a house guest here?' asks the Major.

"'No; I am staying at the Inn, sir.'

"'Not after this you are not,' says the Major. 'You are packing in the morning and coming to my house.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says Rogan, 'but I am not for these parts long. The Inn will do.'

(*Continued on page* 34)

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(*Continued from page 32*)

"'Who'd ever think,' says the Major, in a voice that's attracting a bit of a crowd, 'that our race meet would have one of the greatest amateur riders in Ireland competing. Tell me, my boy, whose horse are you riding?'

"'I am not riding,' says Rogan, anxious now to reach the door as he was not relishing the attention they were attracting.

"'Nonsense!' cried the Major; then he turns to Ellen's father and a group by the door. 'See here,' he says, 'I have watched this lad pull an oar for the Dark Blues; ridden the scent of a fox with him in the early mists on his family's great estates. He holds the Ballydoon Cup for a three-time win over timber. The latch string of his father's house is always out to any gentleman rider whether he comes from America or Abyssinia. Now here he is among us and he says he won't ride. I say let us waive the rules and issue him a license so that he may compete with our best.'

"'By all means,' says Mister DeVarney. 'I am sure that the committee will sanction it. What horse will he ride, and in which race?'

"'Just a minute,' young Rogan protests; but his voice is drowned out by that of the Major, who says: 'He will ride in the Bluelock Plate for maiden hunters; and he'll be up on my Aughrim Girl, the sweet little filly I've wanted all summer to enter. Won't you, my boy?' he asks, turning to Rogan.

"'The Bluelock Plate for maiden hunters,' Rogan repeats; then he turns to Miss Ellen. 'Would that be the race,' he asks, 'in which you have entered your Candlelight?'

"Katy said that a kind of challenge shone in Miss Ellen's eyes.

"'It would,' she said simply.

"Rogan looked across at Michele Farci who is glowering at him from beside the staircase; then, quietly, he says: 'I will ride for you, Major; and I thank you for the honor you do me. Good night, sir.' And with that he strode through the door.

NOW I would no more have missed the running of that race than I would a Donnybrook Fair, even if it meant that I should have to ask the division superintendent himself to hold down my gates for me; so on the following Wednesday I am up at the Bluelock course, and have taken a position on the back stretch by the long rise to the water jump, where best I can see them as they go by.

"Shortly after the call of Boots and Saddles I see them come out of the paddock and parade by the judges. Rogan, in Major Parkman's silks, is up on Aughrim Girl. From afar I can make out the lift of his brave young head, even when his shoulders are well above it.

"Candlelight, with Michele Farci aboard, is making the hell of a stew at the post, rearing and plunging, and inasmuch as she'd always shown a sweet temper both on the path and the course, I could not help but think 'twas the way he was handling her, although, at the time, I may have been prejudiced.

"Before they could get the field away it was necessary for an assistant starter to hold her and walk her up, but once the flag went down Miss Ellen's filly broke on top. Then they went out of sight below the hedges at the south end of the grounds. Each few seconds I could see the lift of a head or a flash of silks, but it was not until they made their first run by me on the back stretch that I could tell how they were coming.

"The first flight was bunched and both Candlelight and Aughrim Girl were well up and surging along side by side. They took the bend and showed me their heels very prettily, flicking bottoms up at me as they clipped over the brush.

"While they were coming around again I heard a terrible clamor go up, and so loud was the noise and the shouting that I stood on the fence the better to see what was causing it all. When they came into view I'd the shock of my life. Both Rogan's mount and that of Michele Farci had fallen way back from the first flight and were stringing along with the field. But here was the thing I could not understand: Young Rogan is crowding Farci against the rail, and is lashing brutally at Candlelight with his bat, driving her closer and closer to the rail. Now, right where I am standing there is a wide swing gate that shuttles off into the pasture behind me. As Candlelight and Aughrim Girl draw closer, Finnerty lifts his head from his work and shouts to me at the top of his voice:

"'Murphy, open that gate!'

NOW I am not one to think twice when anyone I respect commands me, so out on the course I run, carrying the end of that gate with me. Sure, it acts like a switch, what with Rogan's lashing of Candlelight, and his driving Aughrim Girl against her shoulder, and before you could say Patrick McAfferty, Rogan rides Farci and himself right out of the race.

"Whoever stayed near the paddock to see the finish I am sure I don't know, as by the time the two riders had pulled up in the pasture half of the crowd had streamed across to see what was doing.

"Rogan dismounts.

"'Get down off that horse,' he snaps at Farci, and I heard the fury in his voice.

"Farci came down.

"'Now,' says Rogan, 'up with your fists!'

"Sure, I could not help but think that he'd chosen a poor time and place for that, but who can reason with an Irishman when his blood is up? Not another one anyway.

"'Up with your fists!' says Rogan again.

"Farci stood there and looked at him; there was a moment when I saw his hand go stealing toward his arm-pit, then I laughed to myself, for no one, I knew, could pack a gun under riding silks.

"'Twice I have asked you,' said Rogan. 'So have it, then.'

"With that he let go the sweetest swing I have ever seen. Swift it was, and hard it landed with the sharp crack of good knuckle on bone. Down went Farci as if he'd been felled by a shillelagh, and white and still he lay in the grass of the pasture.

"'There!' says Rogan with what I would say was a great amount of satisfaction. 'You have pasted the Finnerty label on spurious stuff for fourteen years; now I've pasted a genuine Finnerty label on your handsome jaw that will last you awhile, my man.'

ROGAN! Rogan!' said I. ''Tis poor judgment you are using.'

"Miss Ellen came out of the crowd and knelt by the side of Farci, taking his head in her lap. She looked up at Rogan and never have I seen such contempt show on such a lovely face.

"'You uncouth brute!' she snapped up at him.

"Old Major Parkman walked over.

"'Rogan,' he said sorrowfully, 'you have changed since I knew you. Sure, you have brought me to shame, and I sponsoring you.'

"Rogan turned, but I saw no regret on his face.

"''Tis a ruffian I am, I guess, and not used to the ways of your land. 'Tis no matter, for I am going.' He walked toward the paddock; then stopped. 'That poor sweet bit,' he called back, pointing at Candlelight who was standing all blown and drooped with the spirit gone out of her completely, 'have your veterinary look at her right away before the filthy stuff that that horse-park tout shot into her does her permanent harm.'

"Then he vaults the fence and disappears toward the paddock.

WELL," said Murphy, finishing the last of his drink, "I am down by my gates that evening waiting to lower them for the *Red Wing* when along comes the hack from the Inn with Finnerty's luggage strapped on the rear, and Rogan himself in the cab.

"'Where away?' I says to him.

"'Where an Irishman goes,' says he, 'when his work is done.'

"Now there were many things I should have liked to say to him, but I am not one for meddling in another man's affairs of the heart; so I said instead: 'Give my regards, then, to the Giants' Causeway.'

"'I will that,' says Rogan, and adds: 'Look out for my hunter, Murphy, 'till I write you what to do with him, will you?'

"'Gladly,' I tells him.

"There was silence between us for a minute.

"'Rogan,' I says at last, 'did you know that they found poor Candlelight had been doped, as you said?'

"'What else?' he asks. 'Sure, and who wouldn't know it by the glaze in the poor filly's eyes, and she almost blind from the stuff.'

"''Twas a grand thing you did,' I said.

"'Grand nothing,' says Rogan. 'Sure, what's winning a race when a sweet little filly might kill herself running blind through the boards?'

"'Why do you go, then,' I asked. 'Sure, you're forgiven for your fracas up at Bluelock. Admired, in fact. You should have heard the talk when the veterinary made his report.'

"'My work here is finished,' said Rogan quietly.

"Just then the lights of a car came down the Bluelock road and I saw as it drew near 'twas Miss Ellen's roadster. As she slid to a stop I lit my pipe quickly and pretended to look down the track for the coming of the *Red Wing*.

"'Rogan,' I heard her call. 'Rogan Finnerty! I have been to the Inn for you and they told me you were leaving. Where are you going?'

"Rogan walked over to her car.

"'Home, Miss,' he said.

"'You are *not!*' said Miss Ellen, in a way that she sometimes has. 'You are coming with me to my house and there you are going to stay for a while. The committee is waiting to apologize to you and to thank you. And,' she went on with a catch in her voice, 'I want to thank you, too.'

"'That's nice of you,' said Rogan, 'but I want no thanks nor apologies. Any horseman would have done the same.'

"'Rogan, won't you come home with me?'

"'I'm afraid not,' says Rogan. 'Sure, 'tis a barbarian I am in this land with its ways that are queer to me. I'll ride my own hills in the future.'

"'Rogan,'—softly.

"'What, Miss Ellen?'

"'Rogan, the whole hunting country is going to the Hunt Ball tonight, and there's nothing I want more than for you to have the first dance with me.'

"'And the last?' asks Rogan, the bold young devil.

"'And the last,' says she.

"'Well, that,' says Rogan, 'is a different thing; and a much better reason for my returning with you. In fact, I should say 'twas a grand one.'

"There was a minute of silence in which I looked down the track and wished mightily that the *Red Wing* would come along,

(*Continued on page 36*)

Hitched to a Humdrummy?

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AT TRYING TIMES. . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

(*Continued from page* 34)

as I am not one who is given to listening in on love shennanigans. At last, however, I heard him climb in her car.

" 'Murphy,' he calls, 'keep an eye on my luggage until I decide what to do with it.' And off they tear up the road to Bluelock. Could I borrow some tobacco for my pipe from you?" said Murphy abruptly.

I gave the gate-man a cigar instead.

"What happened to the baggage, Murphy?" I asked, after he had lighted it.

"Oh, that," said Murphy, pulling with his hard, thin lips on the weed. "Sure, in an hour the beach-wagon from the DeVarneys was down after it. And then in two weeks it was back with more luggage, such as a lady uses, alongside it. I sneaked over and looked at the billing and here's what it said: 'Mr. and Mrs. Rogan Finnerty, care of the S.S. *Scythia,* Boston—for Galway, Ireland.' "

"And they lived happily ever after?" I suggested.

"They should," said Murphy, "for wasn't it myself who threw an old shoe after them from my gates when they left for Boston on the *Red Wing?"*

"A fine story," I said, "and well told. Before we part I should like to buy you a drink; will you have one?"

"Thank you; I will," said Murphy.

I called the waiter over.

"Bring me," I said, "two bottles of Finnerty's Dublin Stout."

"And I'll have the same," said Murphy.

The Psychology of Football

(*Continued from page* 11)

rarin' to go. And go they did, for they whipped the pride of the Pacific Coast in a game that made football history.

Not a few coaches, who knew relatively little about the game, attained great success because they understood the value of psychology in football. Alonzo Stagg, the Grand Old Man of the Big Ten, now coaching a little college in the Far West, was always a stickler for unconquerable morale. His teams often won games on sheer fighting spirit alone, and on the conviction that they could not nor would not fail.

MAJOR RALPH SASSE of Army a few years ago, knew very little about the startegy of the game, and less about the subtleties of defense, but he developed several great fighting machines by concentrating on morale, and getting every ounce of power out of his eleven men.

The most successful coaches, men like Andy Kerr of Colgate, Little of Columbia, Ray Morrison of Vanderbilt, Dick Harlow, now of Harvard, Crisler of Princeton, Bernie Bierman of Minnesota and Jack Sutherland of Pittsburgh, combine a shrewd appreciation of psychology with a great understanding of the game, and the faculty of imparting their knowledge to their players. Every one of these men is a very positive character. All of them think in terms of victory, and victory only. They plan carefully, build gradually, and always inject worlds of confidence into their teams, particularly into their quarterbacks.

A quarterback who is not a born psychologist is a detriment to his team. He must be opportunist enough to turn obstacles into advantages, to inspire confidence under the most discouraging situations, to cheer the crestfallen, and to capitalize on the opponent's weaknesses. He must be the kind of a general who, when surrounded on all sides, and apparently beaten, gives the fearless command to attack.

CONTRAST Tommy Tomb's cryptic statement to his team in the huddle in an important game last year, when he said, "fellows, Lou (referring to Coach Little) says he wants badly to win this game, so let's quit fooling around and score a couple of touchdowns right away," with the remark of the quarterback of a certain little Western college, who upon finding himself near his opponent's goal line for the first time all afternoon, said, "Gosh, I'm darned if I know what to call, but I suppose it might as well be a long incompleted forward pass."

The importance of psychology in the gridiron sport is best appreciated perhaps by recalling that old axiom to the effect that football games are won or lost in the dressing room. The attitude of an eleven as it huddles around its coach in the almost sacred privacy of the locker room, awaiting the ominous knock on the door by the official, signifying that the time for the kickoff is but three minutes off, invariably tells the story of success or failure. Coaches know this and most of them dread those last few minutes preceding game time, when they must face their team, give it final instructions, and if possible, inspire it with a fiery and unquenchable thirst for victory. The proper psychological approach is, of course, of ultimate importance.

Dining with Elmer Layden, coach of Notre Dame, and a few of his closest friends at the Vanderbilt Hotel on the eve of the Notre Dame-Army game in New York last fall, I was struck by the sudden change of disposition and expression that came over him. Driving down from the Westchester Country Club at Rye that afternoon, behind an escort of State troopers, he seemed cheerful and highly optimistic.

HE had expressed delight at the admirable condition of his squad despite its trying campaign. He rejoiced over the punting and passing of one of his ace backfield men, Bill Shakespeare. He enthused over the mental attitude of the teams and the avidity with which the boys were looking forward to the clash with the West Pointers the following day. Reluctantly, but firmly, he even went so far as to express his opinion that Notre Dame would win.

Why then this sudden and apparently unwarranted manifestation of low spirits or melancholia? His brow was deeply furrowed. His expression was fixed and vacuous. Finally I asked him what the trouble was? "Nothing much," he said, "except that I'm wondering what I'll tell the boys in the dressing room tomorrow. This game means everything to us. It means the difference between a good season and a bad one. We want it badly, and the boys are just as anxious about it as I am. They're raring to go."

"How about a good old-fashioned fight talk?" I suggested.

"It won't go, Eddie," he came back quickly. "I've used as many of those as I can this fall. The fellows get tired of speeches and dramatics. No, I'll have to think about it and figure it out."

At that moment, Joe Byrne, famous Notre Dame alumnus and football enthusiast, who was sitting at the table with us, happened to be in a reminiscent mood. "You know," he said, "I'll never forget the last time 'Rock' and I sat here and chatted about the next day's battle with Army." He got no farther. Layden reached over and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Thanks, Joe," he said. "I knew I was trying to think of something important, and you helped me find it. 'Rock,' good old 'Rock,' Lord bless him." As he said it, his expression changed.

"What did you find that's so important, Elmer?" asked Byrne.

"Oh, nothing much I guess, except that your recalling your chat with Rockne told me what I'm going to tell the boys tomorrow, and you can bet your bottom dollar that after they hear it they'll go out there and play like they never did before." Somebody chimed in with "I hope you're right, Elmer," and the Notre Dame coach brightened up again and was his usual pleasant self for the rest of the evening.

Under the girder-flung, tier-decked stands of the Yankee Stadium, the Notre Dame regulars, dressed for combat, sat quite motionless on two rows of benches in the gloomy locker room. Now and then one or the other would slap his pal on the back and remark cryptically, "give 'em the old ginger, boys," or "we've got to take this one, kid." Outside, 80,000 people waited with avidity for the opening whistle that would send the gold-helmeted Cadets roaring into the team from South Bend.

As the moments flew by the Notre Dame players began to look at each other questioningly. It was almost playing time, yet their coach had not put in an appearance. In the few minutes that remained before the kickoff Layden would not have time to give them his customary last minute, but very detailed, instructions on how to carry out this assignment or that block. How to guard against this pass and that one. How to meet this formation and how to thwart an unexpected maneuver.

IN less than two minutes the players knew they would hear the official's rap on the dressing room door, telling them to take the field. And yet no Layden. Some of the players started to pace up and down the floor. All of them were nervous, some excited. The door finally opened. Coach Layden, pale, serious, ascetic of countenance, stood framed in the doorway. You might have heard a pin drop. The players stood transfixed. As Layden walked to a position in front of the benches the players eased into their seats. He looked at them for at least 20 seconds before he spoke.

"You fellows are playing football for me," he began, with the inspired look of the zealot in his eyes, "but I played football for a man whom none of you knew, but all the world knew. He was the greatest man I have ever known. Today, I am turning this game over to you for him." Layden turned and walked out of the dressing room.

The official's loud knock on the door, and his cry of "three minutes Notre Dame!" pulled the South Bend players out of their coma. Every one of them had been hypnotized by the unseen presence of a man none of them had ever met. The image of the

dynamic, inspiring, animated Rockne had been transmitted to the screen of their minds and the inner circle of their hearts by a man who had played for him, fought for him, worshipped him. The team left that dressing room with a vow on its lips and an unconquerable spirit in its breast.

It charged at Army with a verve and a lift that were devastating. It took long chances and made good on them. It fought furiously from start to finish, and it won! Layden's locker room speech, the briefest "fight talk" ever made to a football team, and the most sincere, had done the trick.

Old-fashioned fight talks of the bullying and brow-beating type have passed out of football in recent years. Young men today may have just as much love for their alma mater as did their predecessors, but they revolt inwardly at the "die for dear Old Rutgers" stuff. Sophisticated adolescents of the present day would be strongly tempted to give the Bronx cheer to a coach of the old school, were he to pull a "Bernhardt" on them. The hair-tearing, back-slapping, chest-punching fight talks of football's rock 'em and sock 'em days simply don't go any more.

IN that critical interlude just before game time, when a coach faces his team, he must have something worthwhile to say, know how to say it, and have an appreciation of the psychology of adolescents. If he has the real coaching goods, has taught his charges meticulously and well, and at the same time knows the subtleties of football and appreciates the strategy of offensive and defensive play, he has nothing to fear. If, on the other hand, he is a bluffer who has failed to keep up with the progress of the game, but has fallen into the coaching profession by reason of accident or the patronage of a sentimental trustee, he will find the going rough.

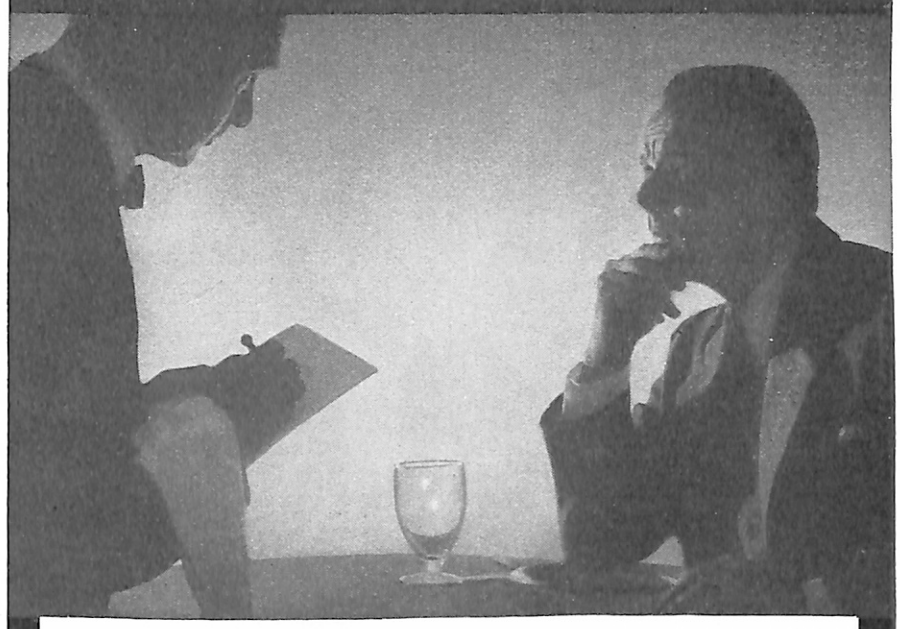
Only a coach like Layden, whose sincerity of thought and action are excelled only by his devotion to Notre Dame, could make the "fight talk" mentioned above, and get away with it. His players knew that he was one of the greatest running backs the immortal Rockne ever coached. They knew that his elusiveness against Stanford in the Rose Bowl game of a decade ago had stamped him as one of the most phenomenal players of all time. They knew furthermore that Layden, more than any of the Four Horsemen, had been impressed with Rockne's personality. If he were Rock's son he could not be any more like him. Layden's team knew these things and they knew that what he was saying to them was from his heart. To entrust them with a game for Rockne's sake was the highest compliment he could pay them. They knew this, so couldn't fail him.

UNCLE CHARLIE MORAN, who used to coach the gallant teams of Centre College of Kentucky, must have known his football psychology when he brought his Praying Colonels up to Cambridge to tackle far-famed Harvard. The Crimson then was at the height of its gridiron power and its star was still in the ascendant.

Harvard welcomed the Southerners with customary hospitality. They showed them the town, made the Colonels feel at home, and arranged social gatherings in their honor. Came the day of the game, and Uncle Charlie, worried terribly because he felt that Harvard's genuine affability and hospitality might have taken the edge off Centre's fighting spirit, racked his brain for something to say that would lift them into a scrappy mood once again.

Standing before his team in the dressing room that flanked the open end of the big Cambridge horseshoe, Uncle Charlie stuck his thumbs in his galluses and paced up and

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down. The players sitting on the floor waited anxiously for his words.

"Now, fellows," he began, "I realize that all of you have been having a grand time here in Cambridge. Harvard has been mighty fine to you all. They have shown you the town, taken you to theatres, and seen to it that you were happy and comfortable every minute of your visit here. All of which is fine and dandy. But there's one thing I want every one of you sons of the South to remember"—and he glared at them savagely. "When you step on that field just remember that every one of those blankety blank birds wearing a Crimson jersey votes the straight Republican ticket!"

CENTRE took Uncle Charlie Moran seriously for it went out and whipped the highly favored Cambridge team decisively in one of the most thrilling exhibitions of play ever seen at Soldier Field. Had Coach Moran tried to inspire his big, rugged crew of mature young men with an inspirational lecture they would have grown sullen and played a listless game.

Of all the coaches today the men who seem to give the best "fight talks" are Lou Little of Columbia and Dana X. Bible of Nebraska. They employ neither artifice nor hokum. Like lawyers they stick close to the facts. They talk to the team as though they were talking to an individual, and interpolate in their talks intimate instructions to the different players. They remind the team of the weakness in the opposing eleven's line and backfield, weaknesses revealed by the reports from trusted scouts. They exhort the men to play with added effort, not so much for dear old Alma Mater, but for themselves, for their own sakes—for the team, and for the sheer joy of winning.

When Little or Bible takes the floor to address a team, every player is sold on what he says because he knows full well that his coach is talking sense and not bunk. More than that, both Little and Bible are strong characters. Unconsciously they inspire respect in their players. The men listen carefully to the instructions and try their best to carry them out. To win the praise and respect of their coach is every bit as much their ambition as to win the game.

Last Spring during the practice of the Columbia team, an incident took place that demonstrated the tremendous respect, even reverence, that men often have for their coach when that coach merits it. Lou Little is surrounded to this day by men who played for him years ago. They will go anywhere just to be in Lou's presence. One of Little's former players is Sam Cordovano, whose profession is that of wrestling, but whose personality and disposition are more like those of an artist than a grappler. Sam could pick Lou up, big as he is, and break him in half if he wanted to.

One day something went wrong on the field. Little was badly upset and when the coaches retired to the locker room, he spoke to Cordovano pretty harshly. The average man would have been tempted to drastic action but Cordovano sat there on the bench, remorseful, and had all he could do to restrain tears. So greatly did he admire his former coach that he was pained at having incurred his reprimand. Lou sensed the situation, walked over to Sam, slapped him on the back and shook hands with him. Cordovano was too happy for words.

IT is unfortunate that a written record of football "fight talks" has not been kept, for it would constitute one of the most interesting of sport documents. In it could be traced the development of the game from its original period of genuine informality and good feeling, through its period of bitter feuds, violent antipathies and vicious hatreds, to the present era of friendly but intensive play and widespread amicability.

Willys Terry, of Yale fame, who distinguished himself on the gridiron in the dark ages of the game five decades ago by making the longest run in football history, told me not long ago that it was in the fight talks of his day that they used to plot how to "get" the star of the opposing team, and how to "rough-up" outstanding rivals. It was tacitly understood in those days that the thing to do when a man had an injured leg was to kick it soundly and as often as possible. When a man was down the idea was to jump on him and see how far in your cleats would go.

Even today "fight talks" sometimes are tinged with viciousness. An unscrupulous coach will stoop to anything to encourage the team to win and to rouse it to fighting fury. Not long ago a prominent Eastern



"Must you crack your knuckles?"

mentor exhorted his team to win on the grounds that its opponent "was the dirtiest outfit ever to set foot on a cross-barred field, and that it specialized in foul play, hooking, punching, and gouging." This same coach went to the officials before the game and told them virtually the same thing. He happened to speak to a veteran who had handled hundreds of important games and the latter not only told him that such conduct on the part of a coach was unsportsmanlike and unbecoming a gentleman, but an insult to a man of integrity, and to clear out of the room before he was thrown out.

PERHAPS the greatest "fight talk" maker the game has ever had was Knute Rockne. By the mere inflection of his voice, the lifting of an eyebrow, the wave of a finger, "Rock" could lift a team out of itself and send it out on the field possessed of superhuman strength. Psychologist and teacher that he was, he knew what not to say. His famous "go! go! go! go! go! go!" which rose in a crescendo as the team streamed through the door of the locker room, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher and Elmer Layden use it even to this day.

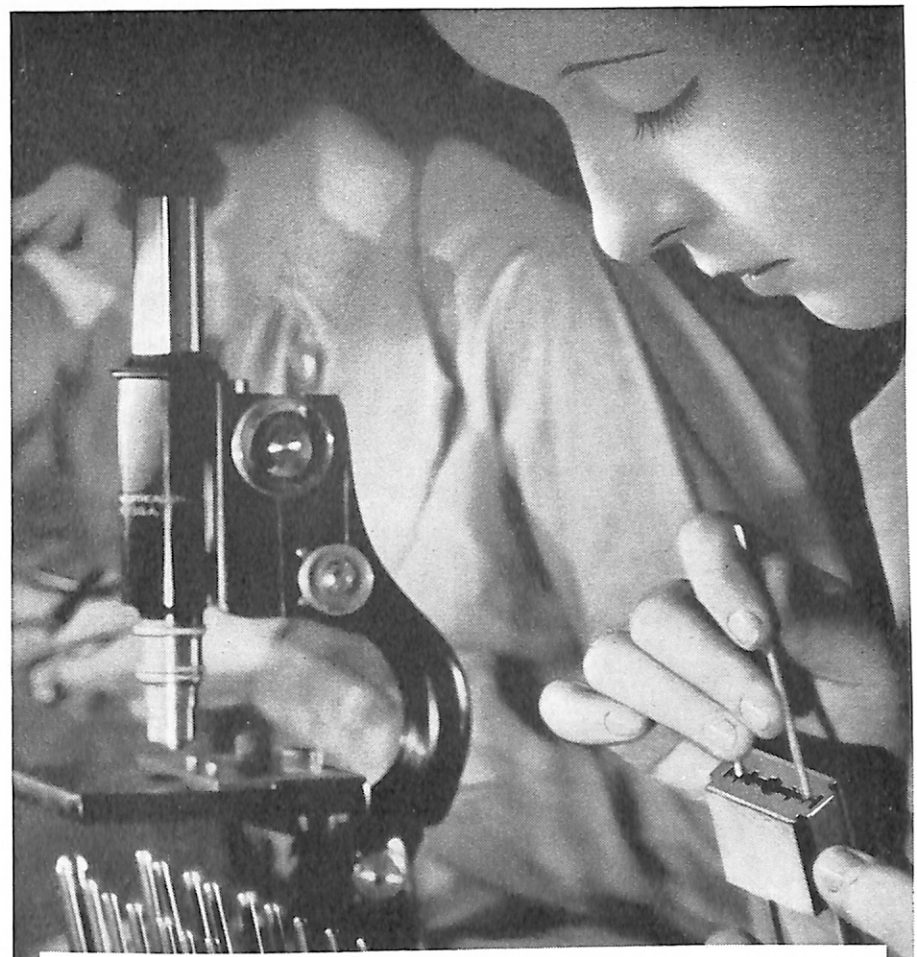
So important were Rockne's last minute talks to his team that when Notre Dame played Navy at Baltimore some six years ago, and Rockne was confined in the hospital in the Middle West with a serious illness, a radio hookup was arranged so that he could address the team before it took the field. It was almost weird to hear the commanding and expressive voice of the Old Maestro pouring forth from a loud speaker to his players sitting around on the floor of the dressing room in the Municipal Stadium. At each name Rockne called, a player would look startled, as though expecting to see the mobile countenance of his coach.

One of Rockne's most memorable fight talks was that before an important intersectional game, when he asked his team "to win today for the Old Gipper." George Gipp, the greatest player in Notre Dame's colorful football history, had made a deathbed request to Rockne just before he passed on. "Some day, Rock," said Gipp, as he saw Charon at the Crossing, "when the goin's tough and things look bad ask the boys to win one for the Old Gipper." Rock did, and the team came through for him and Gipp.

Football is replete with instances where the boldly militant and brazenly confident attitude of the team captain worked miracles with his physically tired and mentally beaten team-mates. No one who saw the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1924 in the historic Bowl at New Haven will ever forget the inspiring sight of Winnie Lovejoy, the Eli captain, rallying his team in the face of what seemed certain defeat.

WITH the score at seven all, Dartmouth staged a tremendous drive. Everything clicked perfectly. Short and long passes were interspersed with cleverly deceptive reverse plays and quick but devastating thrusts inside of tackle. A touchdown was imminent. The Green team had gone more than 60 yards in the direction of the Yale goal line in less than three minutes. It looked as though nothing could stop it.

About twelve yards from the Yale goal stripe Lovejoy raised his hand and called for a "time out." He gathered his players about him in a close huddle. I don't know what he said to his men, but I could see his mud-smeared earnest face turning from one man to another as he gave them his impromptu fight talk. Whatever he said his words worked like magic. The team collected itself and fought back viciously with



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all the determined power of a Yale team fighting to defend its own goal line.

It wasn't Captain Lovejoy's words alone that told the story. Rather was it his confidence in himself and his men that they could put on enough pressure to stop the Dartmouth drive and come out with a tie or a victory. His playing that day was nothing short of marvelous. Backing up the line as a roving center, he tackled with jolting force, diagnosed plays with uncanny ability and dominated the defensive situation at all times. His personality and performance were infectious. The team caught the sparks of power that emanated from him and rose to the heights. It stopped Dartmouth, held its own on offensive the rest of the way and came off the field with a tie.

BACK in the days when Sewanee, the little college of the South, turned out rip-roaring football teams that used to give Vanderbilt a great deal of trouble, one of the long line of Kirby-Smiths pulled a stunt that will live forever in the South's glamorous gridiron legends. For generations the famous Southern family of Kirby-Smiths has been represented at Sewanee. Generation after generation found a Kirby-Smith on the Sewanee football team.

In the big game with Vanderbilt some two decades ago the boys from Sewanee were getting the worst of it. Came the second half, and young Kirby-Smith, the crack Sewanee halfback, appeared on the field wearing the flaming red undershirt his grandfather had worn when he led the charge of gallant Dixie cavalry in the Civil War.

That bright-hued shirt on the back of young Kirby-Smith had a terrible effect on the opposition. The Sewanee back ran wild all afternoon and put the far-famed Commodores to shame. I think it was my friend Grant Rice who wrote that so long as he lived he would never forget the vision of the lad in the red flannel undershirt toting a football up and down the field through Vanderbilt's bewildered ranks.

Gil Dobie tells the story of a Cornell guard of a decade ago who unconsciously inspired his team to play the game of its life. On the off-tackle play, the device with which many Ithacan elevens have raced to fame, it was this guard's duty to come out of the line and "take-out" a defending back. Twice in succession the play jammed up and the ball carrier was thrown for a loss, because this guard missed his man.

THE Cornell captain called the team in a huddle, and told the guard he wasn't getting his man. "I know, Cap," said the guard, a bit embarrassed, "but if you will do me a favor and run the play on the other side of the line, I'll clean up for you."

The captain obliged and the Big Red guard cleared a path big enough for a team of horses to go through. The same play was repeated a moment later and the guard cleaned up again. During a "time-out" the captain, a bit bewildered, asked the guard how it was he could clean out defending tacklers on one side and not on the other. "Oh," responded the guard quietly, "that's only because my two broken ribs are on this side and I can't hit with it."

Naturally his teammates concluded that if he could do as well as he did with two broken ribs, they ought to do pretty well themselves.

There are those who feel that "fight talks" are merely holdovers from a darker day, and that they might well be dispensed with. Anyone who has played the game, however, knows differently. In a sport demanding so much physical contact as football, so much intensity of action, so much punishment and fervor, the "fight talk" is an important,









even vital essential, when properly employed.

It is the last opportunity for immediate contact and instruction between the coach and his team. It is the balm that stills the jittery nerves and calms the fears of players.

It is the last command, and on how it is given and with what psychological approach it is used, depends victory or defeat.

Key West Mae

(*Continued from page* 19)

She was drinking rum with them now; the planter had produced some bottles of private stock which she agreed at least reminded her of the rum they had in '98.

The Colonel was complaining, as usual, about his fishing luck. . . .

"I tell you, Colonel," the Cuban planter said, "I know a spot where they never fail—but I wouldn't let any of these fishing-boat guides on to it."

"That's all right," the Colonel said quickly, "the Commandant at the Navy Yard has offered to lend me one of the government boats any time I want it."

"Would he let me use my own crew? This is absolutely my own place and I wouldn't want the Navy sailors to know about it—that would be just the same as the fishermen——"

"I'm sure he would if I'd be personally responsible," the Colonel said.

"We'll have to start very early in the morning, then—it's almost to Cuba—leave at daybreak; fish all afternoon or until you catch your fish; and then come back after dark."

"Am I in on this?" the lady asked.

"You certainly are, madam," the planter said gallantly, "if you don't think it would play you out?"

The lady snorted indignantly. Play her out, indeed. She had fished when you sat all day in the broiling sun; you didn't have any of these floating parlor cars, with electric stoves and ice boxes and bathrooms.

The expedition took place three days later. The Commandant lent the Colonel a stout little cruiser which would take them to South America, he said, if they wanted to go that far. The planter manned it with three smart-looking West Indians.

"No sailors any more!" the Colonel said contemptuously. "Drug store cowboys, floorwalker soldiers, gigolo sailors!"

THEY cut through the water, swiftly, steadily, for more than four hours.

"Must be near to Cuba," Key West Mae observed.

"We are mighty near," the planter admitted, "but I've got a little scrap of land of my own before we get to Cuba."

Finally, they dropped anchor. In about three hours, the planter made good his promise and the Colonel had his sailfish. Not the monster he wanted, but a very decent specimen for any library wall and he said he was satisfied and grateful. Then the planter insisted they must visit his bit of land and have a bite and a drink.

The bit of land was a wide reef with a treacherous landing for the Government boat, but the gigolo sailors guided it expertly through the coral to a safe docking. On the bit of land there was an adequate cottage staffed with servants, all male, evidently expecting the arrival of the planter and his guests. They had a leisurely, luxurious meal and were ready to start on the return journey well before dusk.

"I'd like to present you both with a keg of the rum you like so well if you think the customs office will not interfere with us," the planter tentatively suggested.

The Colonel hesitated. "I'd like mighty well to have it—what would the duty be?"

"It would spoil it to pay duty," Key West Mae said. 'You know they're not going to bother us when they see it's a Government boat——"

"All women are crooks," the Colonel said, but his grin showed that the remark was playful.

"Getting things past the customs ain't crooked," Mae said indignantly, "and you're a fine Army man to be saying it is."

The kegs, to the Colonel's surprise and Mae's delight, proved to be five-gallon capacity. Two of the crew carried them and the third man had a large box on his shoulder.

"Some champagne," the planter explained, "for our farewell party tomorrow."

The journey was pleasant in the waning day. The Colonel had a line over the side, but it was just a gesture. Mae was knitting sweaters for her grandchildren. She carried her work in a huge cocoanut fibre bag. The planter was reading his mail, which he had picked up from his home on the reef. A strange place for him to get his mail, Mae had thought, but for once she had kept still.

SUDDENLY, the planter put down a letter and called to one of the men, who promptly appeared. Then the host whipped out a .45 automatic from his fishing-coat and requested his guests to put up their hands. They did it without argument, protest or dropping a stitch.

"Just want to read a little of this letter to you," the planter said. "Here, you read it, Joe." He handed the letter over to the slick sailor, who read with an accent that was a mixture of Harlem and Cuba.

"'Watch out,'" he read from the letter, "'for a pair of Government agents who pretend to be a retired army officer and an army officer's widow. They are really man and wife and have been operators of the Treasury Department for more than fifteen years. They are——'"

"That will do," the alleged planter interrupted. "What about it, Colonel?"

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders. "You can't land that counterfeit money, Comacho, no matter what you do with us."

"So you know my name." The counterfeiter laughed unpleasantly. "And what about you—my lady? Key West Mae! A saloon dancer!"

"You'll be dancing on a hot seat if you get careless with that rod," Mae snapped.

"I wonder how long it's been since anybody walked the plank in these waters," the man Comacho drawled.

"You can't get away with it," the Colonel said, but it was apparent that he was not happy. "Better make a deal with me."

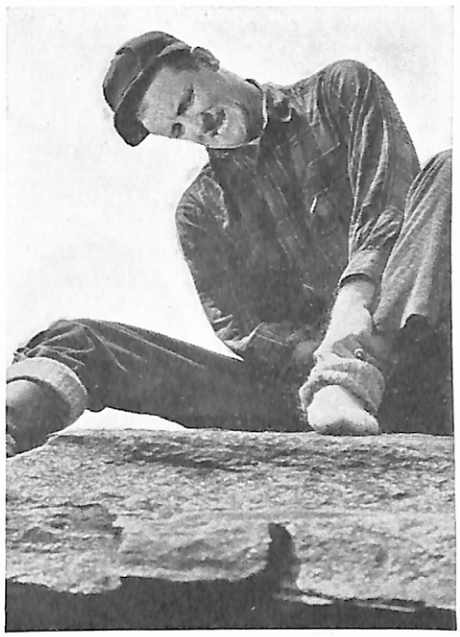
"I make no deals with Government men!" The counterfeiter turned to his man. "Get a rope—plenty of it; leave Luis at the wheel; bring Rico with you."

"You'll never land it," the Colonel said. He knew it was entirely useless to make any plea for mercy.

"I'd like to make you a bet," the counterfeiter said, "but you'll never be in a position to pay it."

"There'll be more of a search for you if we don't get back than if we do," Mae

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pointed out. "The Commandant is giving the alarm at midnight."

"Thanks for the tip. The whole army, navy and air force in Florida can search for me and I'm not worrying a bit——"

The two sailors with the rope were emerging from the companionway. All of them—the leader and gigolo sailors—seemed to have cast aside their masks and stood revealed as beastly and as cruel as any of the cut-throat pirates of the Spanish Main. They were entirely capable of throwing their guests overboard into the barracuda and shark-infested water.

Before the Colonel could make another plea, Mae went into action, lifted her foot and with a kick which Howell, the Alabama marvel, need not have apologized for, she sent the automatic flying from the counterfeiter's hand. Instantly the Colonel had his revolver out. One of the sailors, coming down the deck, reached for his hip pocket. It was his last gesture. The Colonel fired—just once—and the sailor dropped, flat and still. The other sailor and Comacho meekly raised their arms.

Mae had retrieved the automatic. "Get the cuffs," the Colonel said quietly.

Mae produced handcuffs from her voluminous knitting bag and deftly slipped them on the counterfeiter and his man.

"Keep them covered with your own gun—not that automatic," the Colonel said, "while I get the fellow at the wheel."

HE might have got away with it," Mae said over the bar at Sloppy Joe's, "if he hadn't cast a reflection on my veracity. Said I wasn't no dancer and that reminded me I could still raise a foot. Don't I do it before my shower every morning?"

"When you're not carrying too heavy a hangover," the Colonel agreed.

News of the State Associations

(*Continued from page* 31)

of the Iron Range and a trip through the mines was one of the outstanding features of the entertainment program. A splendid parade was held on the closing night. Eleven musical units were in the line of march.

Hugo Lutgens, Secy.,
St. Paul Lodge

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

P.E.R. A. Guy Miller, Secy. of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, was elected President of the Md., Del. and D. C. State Elks Assn., and Annapolis was selected as the 1936 Convention City, at the annual meeting of the Association at Havre de Grace, Md., in early August. The other officers chosen are: 1st Vice-Pres., John J. Hafer, Frostburg, Md.; 2nd Vice-Pres., Calvin Harrington, Cambridge, Md.; 3rd Vice-Pres., John J. Stump, Cumberland, Md.; Secy., R. Edward Dove, Annapolis; Treas., Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md.; Trustees: Philip U. Gayaut, Washington, D. C.; E. L. Mobley, Hagerstown; Charles G. Hawthorne, Baltimore, Md.; Jacob Enders, Wilmington, Del.; Nathan G. Dorsey, Frederick, Md., and N. Bosley Hoffman, Towson, Md. At a meeting of the Trustees, following their installation, Mr. Gayaut was elected President of the Board.

A new Constitution, to become effective from the date of approval by the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was presented to the Convention by the Committee on Laws, and adopted without amendment. It provides for representation proportioned to membership, and three-year terms for Trustees. Under the new provision, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, will be entitled to 14 delegates to the next Convention, and Baltimore, Md., Lodge, Nov. 7, to 11. All the other Lodges belonging to the Association will be entitled to eight delegates, including the Exalted Ruler and the Secretary of each Lodge.

The Trustees' award for distinguished service to the Order was bestowed upon Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, in recognition of the various charitable activities carried on by that Lodge during the year just ended. The Convention voted to make the award a permanent feature of the annual meetings.

Attendance at the Convention was estimated at 5,000. A spectacular parade on the last day and a grand ball in the evening were the closing events of one of the Association's most worthwhile and enjoyable annual meetings.

Philip U. Gayaut,
State Trustee

Elks National Foundation Prizes

(*Continued from page* 24)

$1,000 for the Most Distinguished Subordinate Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan has keyed the program of his administration to the need and welfare of the subordinate Lodges. The Elks National Foundation Trustees are glad to cooperate with the Grand Exalted Ruler in promoting and fostering subordinate Lodge activities, and therefore offer to donate the sum of $1,000 to the Charity Fund of the subordinate Lodge of our Order which shall make the outstanding record of accomplishment during the Grand Lodge year 1935-36.

The selection of the subordinate Lodge which will be entitled to receive this donation will be made after a study of the records of a group of Lodges. The Foundation Trustees will request the Grand Exalted Ruler to present the names of these Lodges for their consideration out of the knowledge and experience which he will gain from his personal contacts, from the reports of his District Deputies, and from any other accredited source. The Foundation Trustees will study these records with the utmost care.

Additional rules or regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to make any awards in pursuance of the foregoing offers, if the representations made to them do not show sufficient merit.

Applications for scholarship awards should be filed with and communications sent to Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Exalted Rulers are requested to read this announcement to the members at their next Lodge meeting, and to have the substance thereof printed in the Lodge bulletins.

District Deputies are urged to cooperate in giving publicity to these offers.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(*Continued from page 29*)

Ruler placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, a P.E.R. of Columbus Lodge, who is buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

After the Columbus meeting Judge Hallinan returned to New York City for a short stay. On August 17 he journeyed to Atlantic City, N. J., for a noon meeting at the Traymore Hotel with the District Deputies of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He was welcomed by former Mayor Harry Bacharach, Past Grand Esquire and P.E.R. of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276; Secy. Bernard F. Gillespie, and E.R. Edwin H. Coward who presented him with the key to the city in the name of Mayor Charles D. White. The District Deputies attending the conference were Charles Rosencrans, N. J., Cent.; Nelson A. Pomfret, N. J., N.E.; Harvey E. Harris, N. J., N.W.; Howard F. Lewis, N. J., South; James A. Ellis, Pa., S.W.; Larry D. Gent, Pa., N.W.; W. C. Kipp, Pa., Cent.; John S. Williams, Pa., S.E.; George J. Farver, Pa., N. Cent.; Edward D. Smith, Pa., S. Cent., and A. L. Mitke, Pa., N.E.

Many prominent Elks were present, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge; Henry A. Guenther, Newark Lodge, member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Nicholas Albano, Newark Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., addressed the meeting.

On August 19 the Grand Exalted Ruler held a noon luncheon-conference at the De Witt Clinton Hotel in Albany, N. Y., with the following District Deputies present: John P. Doyle, N. Y., E.; Robert S. Kelly, N. Y., E. Cent.; Francis G. Roddy, N. Y., N.E.; William A. Wolff, N. Y., N. Cent.; Claude Y. Cushman, N. Y., S. Cent.; Roy M. Bradley, N. Y., W.; Michael A. Petroccia, N. Y., S.E., and Stephen McGrath, N. Y., W. Cent. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert and Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, both P.E.R.'s of New York, N. Y., Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; State Pres. George W. Denton, of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge; Past State Pres. and State Secy. Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge; Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of Troy Lodge, and E.R. Edward A. Mooney and Secy. Fred V. Decker of Albany Lodge, attended the conference. Judge Hulbert delivered an inspiring address and talks were given by Mr. Hart, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Clancy, Dr. Gallico and Mr. Mooney.

During his visit in Albany, Judge Hallinan visited the burial place of William E. Drislane where he placed a wreath on the grave. Mr. Drislane was a P.E.R. of Albany Lodge, and a former member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He was Chairman of the Board in 1923-24. State Trustee Peter A. Buchheim, Treas. of Albany Lodge, and E.R. Mooney and Secy. Decker accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler to the burial plot.

On the following day Judge Hallinan continued his swing through the East to Boston where, at a noon meeting at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, he addressed the District Deputies of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The District Deputies present are as follows: Albert G. Merritt, Maine, E.; Clarence H. Thyng, Maine, W.; Frank D. Houlihan, Mass., Cent.; Joseph W. Myers, Mass., N.E.; Daniel J. Honan, Mass., S.E.; J. Bernard Boland, Mass., W.; Albert N. Morris, New Hampshire; Patrick J. Kaney, Vermont; George A. Dolan, Rhode Island;

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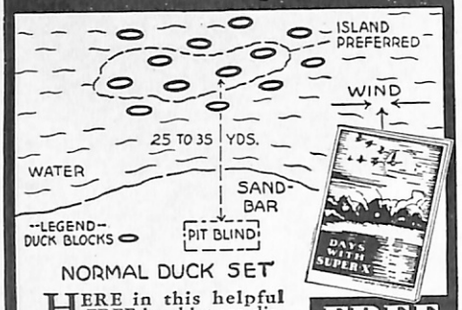
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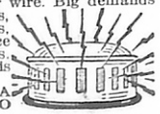
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George H. Loewenthal, Conn., E., and Joseph A. Muldoon, Conn., W.

In addition to the D.D.'s, many distinguished Eastern Elks attended, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Lawrence F. Edgerton, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., and Albert C. Jones, Pres. of the Maine State Elks Assn. Upon the completion of Judge Hallinan's talk, the gathering was addressed by Mr. Malley and Mr. Sullivan.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 24*)

Elks Aboard Liner Cable Grand Lodge Convention

A cable was received by the Grand Lodge from a group of Elks on the S.S. *Rotterdam,* during the Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus, Ohio. The cable was sent from Trondheim, Norway, on Sunday, July 14, 1935, and read: "Appreciation Shannon Congratulations Hallinan Greetings Everybody," and was signed with the last name and Lodge of the following Elks: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556; Goodwin Distler, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878; Harry C. Kimball, Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350; W. F. Kirkpatrick, St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40; C. Ivar Josephson, Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556; Hart A. Ward, Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417; E. Victor Goldsmith, New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360; Max DeJong, Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116; Jacob H. Corn, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Albert M. Herrmann, New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25; Edward McKeon, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78; Albert F. Deahl, Goshen, Ind., Lodge, No. 798, and Thomas F. Dugan, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871.

Former Grand Lodge Officer, John H. Mitchell, Dies

John H. Mitchell, P.E.R. and for many years one of the most prominent and best beloved members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, died on August 9. Funeral services were held in the Lodge Home. Interment took place in Canton, Ohio.

Mr. Mitchell was a Past District Deputy, and a former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of which he was a member for a number of years. He was also a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. An attorney by profession, Mr. Mitchell was identified for a long time with the legal department of the Northern Pacific Railroad, first in Seattle and Tacoma, and later in St. Paul. He was a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Hugo Lutgens, Secy.

Card Lost by Member of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, announces the loss of membership card No. 177, issued to one of its members, J. L. Bowman. Mr. Bowman's home was robbed recently and the card taken. It is requested that the card be taken up immediately if presented at any Lodge, and that the Secretary of Sullivan Lodge be notified.

F. M. Cunningham, Secy.

Cards Lost by Members of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, announces the loss of three membership cards. One is Card No. 374, Member's number 499, issued to William H. Johnson; another is Card No. 716, Member's number 1,734, issued to Harry L. Davis, and a third is Card No. 300, Member's number 2,242, issued to Thomas S. Callahan.

It is requested that the cards be taken up at once if presented at any Lodge, and that the Secretary of Terre Haute Lodge be notified.

C. L. Shideler, Secy.

Noted Elks Serve Illinois State Crippled Children's Commission

On a recent law passed in Illinois there was created a State Commission for physically handicapped children to coordinate the State and voluntary work and to make recommendations to the next General Assembly in 1937. The Commission is composed of the State Superintendent of Public Construction, the Director of Public Health and the Director of Public Welfare ex-officio, and four citizens appointed by the Governor. Governor Henry Horner, a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, in making the four appointments recently, recognized the work of the Illinois State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Clinic by appointing as three of the four lay members Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of Fairbury, Neb., Chairman of the Clinic; Grand Trustee Judge Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Vice-Chairman, and Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas, of Chicago, who has been Chief Surgeon of the Clinic since its inception in 1927. At a recent meeting of the Commission Mr. Campbell was elected Chairman.

Dixon, Ill., Lodge Honors Judge Henry C. Warner

More than 300 Elks from Lodges in northern Illinois attended a testimonial dinner given in the Home of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, in honor of Judge Henry C. Warner, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The banquet was held in recognition of Judge Warner's election to the Board for a five-year term. Members of the Order were present from Rockford, Mendota, Sterling, Oak Park, De Kalb, Sycamore, Streator and Kewanee, Ill., and from Minneapolis, Minn. Judge Warner is a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and a Past Grand Esquire.

The principal speaker was P.E.R. John P. Devine of Dixon Lodge, who is Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives. Other prominent Elks who addressed the diners were D.D. Philip H. Ward, of Sterling; Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. Jay J. Mohan, of Streator, State Vice-Pres.; P.D.D.'s A. V. Essington, of Rockford, and John W. Dubbs, of Mendota; and E.R. V. A. Tredinnick, of Kewanee Lodge.

Judge James E. Boyd Mourned by Greensboro, N. C., Lodge

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602, has sustained a severe loss in the death of one of its members, Judge James E. Boyd, aged 90 years. Judge Boyd was a Confederate Veteran. He was born February 14, 1845, in Alamance County. He served in the Civil War with the 13th North Carolina

Infantry and later with the first North Carolina Cavalry, and was with Lee at Appomattox. At the close of the War he returned to Alamance County where he resumed the study of law. In 1874 he was elected to the North Carolina General Assembly and followed that with service in the Constitutional Convention. He was District Attorney for the western district of the State during the administration of President Hayes, and First Assistant to the United States Attorney-General under President McKinley. He was made Federal Judge in July, 1900.

The golden wedding anniversary of Judge and Mrs. Boyd was celebrated in the Home of Greensboro Lodge. Judge Boyd was a P.E.R. of the Lodge, having served as its second Exalted Ruler.

Funeral rites were conducted at the Reich Funeral Home, after which burial took place in Green Hill Cemetery. Members of Greensboro Lodge carried the flowers.

Death of George C. Morris Grieves Terre Haute, Ind., Elks

The recent death of P.E.R. George C. Morris, who had been identified with Terre Haute's civic and fraternal life since 1900, brought grief to the entire membership of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86. Word of his death shocked scores of personal friends and fraternal associates. Mr. Morris was a Trustee of the Lodge. He had been associated locally for more than 20 years with the Penn Mutual Insurance Company.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Member Loses Card

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, reports the loss of a Life Membership card by Elijah Green, a prominent member of the Lodge. The card is No. 9, member's number 242, issued to April 1, 1936. It is requested that the card be taken up immediately if presented to another Lodge in the Order, and that the Secretary of Phillipsburg Lodge be notified.

Jess H. Rubert, Secretary

Wrangell, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1595, Instituted

Before the expiration of his term as D.D. for Alaska, East, P.E.R. F. J. Chapman, of Ketchikan, Alaska Lodge, No. 1429, accompanied by Raymond Curtis acting as Grand Esquire, journeyed to Wrangell, Alaska, where they instituted Wrangell, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1595. The new Lodge came into existence under special dispensation of the Grand Lodge.

For a number of years a "Bills' Club," made up of some 80 Elks from many different Lodges in the Order, has been active in Wrangell. The properties of the Club and the Club Rooms were automatically taken over by Wrangell Lodge, and the place of meeting is now known as the Elks' Home. Van H. Fisk was chosen Exalted Ruler and Fred Cunningham, Secretary.

Three candidates were initiated on the evening of the institution and several members were received by dimit. A Lodge of Elks is a welcome organization in that section of Alaska and its prospects of success are bright.

Lakewood, N. J., Lodge Installs Special Hospital Equipment

Special equipment required for crippled children work has been installed by Lakewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1432, in the orthopedic department of the Paul Kimball Hospital at Lakewood, at a cost of $1,235. The money was raised by P.E.R. Harry H. O'Claire, Chairman, and the members of the Crippled Children's Committee of Lakewood Lodge, through an amateur performance of "Fair and Warmer," directed by Charles T. Aldrich. The cast comprised other members of Lakewood Lodge and their families.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge Reports Lost Membership Card

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge, No. 317, reports the loss, in New York City, of membership card No. 101, paid up to April 1, 1936. The card was issued to L. C. Farwell, who is member No. 193 on the rolls of Port Townsend Lodge.

It is requested that the card be taken up if presented at any Lodge and that the Secy. of No. 317 be notified.

Henry L. Wise, Secy.

Medford, Mass., Lodge Seeks Charles H. Smith, a Member

Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, has reported the disappearance of one of its members, Charles H. Smith, who has not been heard from for over a year. Through the Lodge, Mr. Smith's father, also a member of No. 915, is endeavoring to find him. It is important that he get in touch with his father at once.

John J. Ward, Secy.

Flight into Peril

(*Continued from page* 17)

the northernmost point of Norway. They were looking for thrills and they got them. Into the icy wastes plunged their two Dornier-Wal flying boats. Amundsen was in command of N25, with a true Viking like himself at the controls, one Riiser-Larsen, with a born mechanic named Feucht keeping his trained ear on the pulses of the motors. Ellsworth was in charge of N24 with Pilot Dietrichson and Mechanic Omdal.

For eight hours, the two ships hummed northward over the frozen solitude where poor Andree in his helpless balloon had met his death, years before.

"What is this?" grumbled Amundsen. "Gasoline's half gone. We should be at the Pole." But his observations showed that they were at Latitude 87° 44′, with the Pole an hour's flight away. Still a half was a half and they had to get back. So he ordered the planes down.

Ellsworth splashed to a safe landing in a lead of open water. "It was like coming down in the Grand Canyon," he says, "with huge cliffs of ice on edge towering above us." As he dropped below their crests, he saw Amundsen's plane disappearing over the mountains of ice.

"Just like him to keep on to the Pole," he meditated. But he had little time for reflection. A shout came through the unnatural stillness after the roar of the motors had ceased—forever as it happened. It was Dietrichsen. "Omdal, Omdal," he cried, "ship's leaking like hell."

And it was. The bottom had been torn in the takeoff at Kings Bay, Spitzbergen and the good old N24 was rapidly sinking. No

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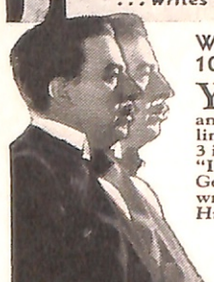
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homeward bound pennant for her, for sure.

They hauled the four-ton craft out on an ice-floe and, after a sleepless night, set out to find the N25. They sighted her at last after taking seven hours to mush five and one-half miles. Omdal and Dietrichsen broke through some thin ice and nearly drowned. Ellsworth hauled them out. When they finally reached the N25, Amundsen seemed to have aged ten years in a few days. The ship was cocked over at an angle of forty-five degrees among huge ice hummocks that extended as far as the eye could reach. The ice was shifting, however, and there was hope that a clear water lead would open up so that they could launch the ship. They settled down to wait.

EVENTUALLY a lead opened but they had hardly dragged the plane into it, when the ice closed in again, threatening to crush the ship, now their sole means of escape. Again they got the N25 out of the water. Three weeks had passed and silent despair was slowly enveloping them.

Then, one night, Riiser-Larsen found a large, smooth floe, long enough to serve as a runway. Between it and the flying boat were two broad stretches of icy water and a smaller floe. Somehow they got the huge craft on to the big floe only to find that they had two and one-half feet of snow to shovel from a runway fifteen hundred feet long and three hundred wide.

It was finished at last. On the twenty-fifth day of their imprisonment, the six climbed aboard the plane, which had been lightened of all weight and refueled from the N24. Riiser-Larsen had been warming up the repaired motors. Now he gave her the gun. Heavily she slid along on the smooth ice, gaining speed with a painful effort, for she had no wheels, remember. Would she ever lift? The end of the floe and a solid wall of hummock ice loomed only a few feet away. They braced themselves for the crash. Slowly the scrape of the bottom of the ice grew less—ceased. They were in the air. Riiser-Larsen headed the plane for Spitzbergen.

The next feat of aviation to tempt all the restless sons of the air, in the United States, was the crossing of the hitherto unconquered Oceans. The first attempt was made by Commander John Rodgers. The hop from San Francisco to Hawaii, 2,030 miles, was to have been made by three U. S. Navy Boeing flying boats, but only two of them started on August 31, 1925. Rodgers' flagship was the PN9 No. 1. With him were Lieut. Byron J. Connell, Chief Aviation Pilot S. R. Pope, Chief Radioman O. S. Startz and Seaman Bowlin, who were destined to match the harrowing experiences of the historical castaways of the days of sail.

The Navy had made every preparation to safeguard the fliers. Ten destroyers took station at two-hundred mile intervals along the route, while the airplane carrier Langley and the tenders *Aroostook* and *Tanager* were also spotted on fixed station, ready to supply fuel or make repairs.

AS Rodgers' heavily laden ship left the waters of the Golden Gate after a three-mile run, his radioman handed him the first incoming message: "At 450 miles out you are on the edge of the trade winds. At 500 well in them. Advise you fly at one to two thousand feet." Destroyer after destroyer reported the passage of the PN9 No. 1 and the Commander's businesslike messages. The *Farragut*, third ship out from Honolulu, was the last to report that the big plane was overhead. She had covered 1,600 miles of open sea at that time, with over 400 miles to go. It was shortly after midnight.

Then an utterly unexpected radio snapped from the flying boat, to be picked up by a dozen warships: "Please keep good watch. Gas is about all gone. Think it impossible to get in." The last complete message received from Rodgers was: "Plane low gas. Asking bearings from *Aroostook*.". A few more fragmentary messages and then—silence.

Instantly the great Navy radio station at Honolulu went into action. Its powerful messages flashed to every ship within a thousand miles. Destroyers, submarines and cruisers slipped out of Honolulu Harbor at daybreak and sped away to join another squadron of ships assembled to comb the area, where Rodgers was supposed to have come down. He was not there. Not a sign of his plane was seen by the fleet of sharp-eyed warships, searching for him, as the long day wore to its end. Nor the next day, nor the next.

Ten days passed slowly. Rodgers' shipmates continued the search with hope flickering out. After all they had done to throw every safe-guard around him and his brave crew, the insatiable sea had swallowed them. Newspapers published their papers with mourning border. They were given up as dead.

ON September 10th, eleven days after the departure from San Francisco, the world was electrified by a radio from the far wastes of the Pacific: "Plane PN9 No. 1 located by R4, 15 miles northwest of Nawiliwili. Personnel safe. Am towing plane to Nawiliwili." A deep-sea, steel fish, the U. S. Submarine R4, had rescued her wounded rival of the air.

What had happened was this: The plane, with fuel low, had tried to reach the tender *Aroostook*. But being off her course and lost in the night, she was obliged to come down in a rising wind and sea. The last drop of reserve gasoline had dropped into the carburator. When the motor died the radio transmitter went out of action. The radio man could hear the air full of messages to them and about them but could not utter a word in reply. They tried to rig their radio for sending, without success.

The day broke at last after they had been tossing helplessly all night. They took stock. There were only a few biscuits, a few quarts of water and three cigars among five men. Their reckoning placed them six-hundred miles from the nearest land. They could hear the calls and see the searchlights of their friends but could not attract their attention. A tramp steamer passed by, maddeningly, at five miles distance, without seeing them.

WITH spars and fabric cut from the wings they rigged a foresail and leeboards to keep down their leeway, for they were drifting north, away from the Islands. Thus they made fifty miles a day. The one ray of sunshine was that the hull was stout and seaworthy but even so, it was not reassuring to see the black fins, the white bellies and the stony, watchful eyes of fifteen-foot sharks, swimming slowly and endlessly around their drifting craft, waiting, waiting.

The days went by in a blaze of sunlight. Not a ship in sight. The water gave out. They distilled sea water in a homemade still. It made them sick. They drained off the radiator water. It was bitter with chemicals. Things began to look desperate when a tropical thunderstorm came up and saved their lives. They caught the water in canvas, ripped from the wings. After that, they nibbled crackers, sipped warm rainwater and smoked the three cigars "cooperatively," as Rodgers put it. Ten days of that!

Came a cry "Sail, sir." They leaped to their feet and the plane careened dangerously. The seaman pointed to a strange shape. They soon made it out to be one of those lean gray wolves of the sea, a sub-

marine. She had seen them and was headed toward them at a good clip. It was the R4.

Rodgers' comment later furnishes food for thought. He said: "There is one advantage in being dead—you learn what the world thinks of you. If it's favorable it is a pleasure to return to life. Otherwise—" he shrugged his shoulders.

Three years passed by. One day in the summer of 1928, a tall, shy youth took off quietly from a Long Island field, where the best fliers of the day were champing at the bit, watching the skies and waiting for favorable weather to have a try at the $25,000 prize offered for the first transatlantic flight. Twenty-nine hours later, he put his plane down at LeBourget, the Paris airport, climbed stiffly out and announced to the waiting and amused high officials: "I am Charles A. Lindbergh." With his uncanny sense of navigation, he had outguessed and beaten his competitors. Of that, more later.

There followed a stream of transatlantic fliers, Chamberlain and Levine, Byrd, Fitzmaurice and his companions. Old Ocean was conquered, at last, by the bird-men.

After that it was a logical impulse to put the now vastly improved plane to its final long distance test and fly it around the Earth. That is exactly what the late Wiley Post and Harold Gatty did in their monoplane, *Winnie Mae,* in 1931. They made it in eight and one-half days.

TWO years later Wiley Post did it alone, in a day less. That historical flight came within an ace of disaster, not through storm or hurricane, plane or motor failure, but through a very humble and harmless-looking element. As Post came gliding down in the dusk, upon a so-called airfield in Siberia, he glanced below, thinking: "What a swell, smooth field! These Russians certainly are air-minded." With that he prepared to set *Winnie Mae* down. Too late he realized that the smooth field was a sea of mud. He pulled her up as nearly into a stall as he could, but she had enough way on to start a successful somersault. By good luck, she stopped with her nose buried in the mud and her tail in the air—to continue her flight the next morning.

Speaking of flying a plane into a new and strange element: Father Bernard Hubbard, S. J., the "Glacier Priest," tells of flying one into the crater of an erupting volcano and coming out alive. He is Professor of Natural Science at a California University and believes in getting his information first hand.

OF late he has made a thorough scientific study of the tremendous volcanoes of Alaska. There are about twenty of them extending far out on the Alaskan Peninsula toward Asia. Late in 1930, the brooding peace of the mountains was shattered by the explosion of Mt. Gareloi on the Aleutian Islands. One after another, the Peninsular volcanoes erupted—last and greatest of all, Mt. Aniakchak, three miles in height and one hundred miles in girth.

The "Volcano Sky Pilot," as they had come to call him, decided that he would fly across the erupting crater and see what was going on. "Fine," said Harry Blunt, chief pilot of the Pacific International Airways, "we'll take Al Monson along as co-pilot and fly the Fairchild seaplane right into the crater." "I said 'across,' Harry, not 'into,'" commented the priest—but it was to be 'into.'

Up the gorge of the Aniakchak River they sped, toward the cleft in the crater's rim, through which the river flowed, when there was a river. "Do you smell gas?" inquired Blunt, when they were still forty miles from the crater. "And how," grumbled Monson, coughing at the sulphur fumes. "Wonder what they'll do to the engine."

Closer they flew. Huge clouds of steam and smoke curled ominously up from the enormous bowl, seven miles in diameter. Muffled explosions sent dust and rocks high into the air, to shower back around them. Sombre flashes of lightning split the darkness. The plane passed over the crater's rim. They were looking down into its fearful depths. (*Continued on page* 48)



Now... an AIR-COOLED PIPE with the WORLD'S FINEST BRIAR



1 A MAN'S PIPE
Large bowl holds sufficient tobacco for a real, long, comforting, satisfying smoke.

2 EASILY CLEANED
Spiral air channel, big enough to do the job right, catches all sludge, easily cleaned.

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Extra cooling chamber assures cool, clean, dry smoke. No other pipe has it. Patented.

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Study the diagram. Note the two air channels. All moisture and sludge stays in the lower chamber *by gravity*. Acrid ash flakes are also caught in the spiral air cell. The smoke is made *extra* cool, clean, and dry by passing thru the second air chamber. (An exclusive Airflow Feature.)

The New Airflow has a balanced lightness. It stands upright on a flat bottom. It is made of the very finest *imported* Algerian briar and finished by hand in a beautiful natural polish. Airflow is positively guaranteed for *five* years in every respect.

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"The awfulness of the sight stunned me," says Father Hubbard. "Last year the floor of the crater had been a meadow-bordered lake, a plant, fish and animal paradise. Color and variety abounded everywhere in this thirty square miles of garden, with its walls towering up three thousand feet."

NOW it was like the entrance to the Inferno. The bottom was blown out, the walls bulged and cracked. Pools of lava boiled and flared. A thousand gaping abysses belched steam, blue and brown smoke and fire. All was darkness, horror, desolation.

As the plane soared bravely over the roaring, mighty cauldron of destruction, a terrible thing occurred. The cataract of cold air pouring over the crater's rim seized the ship in its grasp and hurled it relentlessly down into the volcano's yawning mouth. Madly Blunt worked the mixture adjustment to get more power to climb. The motor refused to respond. With a sickening lurch, the plane turned over and pointed its nose down into the erupting mass of lava.

With seconds to make up his mind, Blunt did the only possible thing. He plunged straight downward into those awful depths, a thousand feet. The plane quivered with the speed of the drop. Then the plucky pilot zoomed up again into a rising current of hot gases, turned swiftly and headed for the cleft of the Aniakchak canyon. In two minutes they were roaring down the river gorge to safety.

That was one thrill the Glacier Priest has no desire to repeat.

People, who have never flown, often ask the flying enthusiast: "If anything happens to the plane, can't you jump out with a parachute?" The truth is that planes are now regarded as being so safe that few of them carry parachutes. To be sure, nearly all the great fliers have bailed out in their early days. Lindbergh did, several times, when he was an obscure mail pilot, but not since then.

Accidents can happen to parachutes, too. Major Lawrence Brower, the broad-shouldered war flier, who commands the air forces of New York's 27th Division, tells us of a harrowing experience of one of his pilots, while attempting a parachute jump during annual maneuvers at Pine Plains, the militia summer camp. His story is indeed a thriller.

One of his lieutenants, who had never made a parachute jump before, was taken up in an observation plane by two of his brother officers for his first essay, at five thousand feet. At the signal, the jumper stepped out on the lower wing and braced himself against the one hundred and fifty mile rush of the wind.

Probably through nervousness he pulled the releasing cord too soon. Out billowed the white folds of the parachute, to be promptly whipped astern and wrapped around the rudders of the plane. This not only left the unfortunate jumper dangling from the tail of the plane, but endangered the lives of the other two men by putting the ship out of control.

The observer with singular presence of mind, studied the situation and decided what to do. After a hurried word of instruction to the pilot, he crawled back on the fuselage of the plane to the tail. Upon his signal, the pilot rolled the plane over, while the observer clung for his life and guided the folds of the parachute so that they fell away when the plane was about upside down. Then the observer let go or was thrown off.

He counted three, pulled the ring of his own parachute and floated quietly to the ground, just about the same time as the man whose life he had saved.

The plane of today is almost accident-proof—which is saying a great deal, considering the few years it has been with us and the crudeness of the early machines. A good, well-balanced plane will fly itself. Its instruments and radio tell the pilot all he could possibly want to know. With their aid, he can fly blind-folded. Over in England, they are sending up, flying and landing robot planes with nobody in them. They are controlled from a ground station by radio. It almost looks as though planes could get along without any pilots, but—they cannot.



"Sorry, but we gotta dig it up again—we left a steam-shovel in there!"

HOWEVER automatic man may make his machine, it will always lack one quality—judgment. In flying, as in all sports, that is a sterling virtue. Two of America's best beloved fliers have it to a superlative degree, Amelia Earhart and Charles Lindbergh.

The famous aviatrix once related to us some incidents of her solo flight across the Atlantic from Harbor Grace to Ireland which prove how vital intuitive judgment may be to a flier.

As her Lockheed Vega sped into the gathering Atlantic night, with her goal in central Ireland, five hours distant, she made a final checkup of the force and direction of the wind. By sighting down on the whitecaps far below, she could measure her angle of drift toward the south and set her course to correct for it during the long hours of night flying, a thing which, even under ordinary circumstances is not particularly easy.

The broadside of Ireland is not an enormous mark to aim at—a little over 300 miles. There was a chance of missing it altogether if she headed the least bit too far north or south. Instinctively, therefore, she selected a course which would bring her to Dublin, if the wind held; and would not miss the north end of the island unless the wind died altogether, which is exactly what it did.

At the hour after midnight, when she should have been over the land, her anxious scrutiny disclosed only the restless sea below her. She sped on for nearly an hour—nothing but water.

Her eye flew to the gasoline gauge—she had been obliged to figure closely on her fuel supply. Only a half-hour's supply left! She had to make it within that time. She strained her eyes ahead. What was that? A tiny needle of flame was shooting out of the joint of the engine exhaust pipe. Slowly it grew larger. She could feel the pipe vibrating. It had come loose. If that joint failed, the ship would be set afire.

Yet, even in this dreadful predicament, she says, a feeling of fatalism welled up within her. Closing her mind to the rapidly diminishing gas and the rapidly growing flame, she concentrated on the scene beneath. She was flying very low now.

Were those whitecaps? They couldn't be, the sea was too calm. Cows! that's what they were—good old Irish cows! She declares she felt like kissing them when, a few minutes later, they gazed stolidly at her, as she climbed stiffly out of her plane. She had barely made the extremely northern tip of Ireland near Londonderry.

Lindbergh, as we have said, is a natural—a born navigator. From the time he hit Paris straight on the nose, at night, after twenty-nine hours' flying, in a plane which offered no direct vision in any direction, to the present moment he has never missed his goal.

This is not due only to his uncanny flying sense, by which he seems to feel the direction of his course, drift, speed, wind and so on, but, more especially, to the thoroughness of his preparations for each flight. He goes over each inch of his plane and that means *every* inch. He looks over the ground. Then he closets himself alone with his charts for several hours, leaving instructions that no one is to disturb him. When he is all through he has plane, field and every detail of the course engraved on his mind.

Then, as likely as not, five minutes before schedule, he will stroll coolly over to the anxious group around his plane and announce: "I think I'll go now."

PERHAPS that is why we never hear of any thrills on his flights. He approaches the whole matter of flying just as a scientist would. And, after all, this methodicalness of Lindbergh's is not particularly strange. His mind, as he has proved of late, is the mind of a scientist. Care and foresight are second nature to him. He does not believe in taking chances.

Lindbergh has made it his mission to show how safe flying can be.



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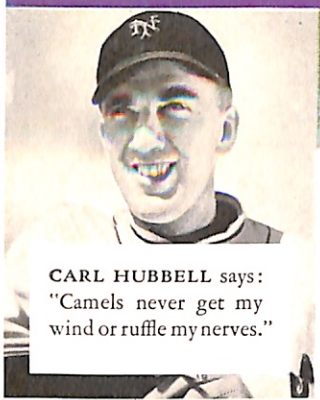
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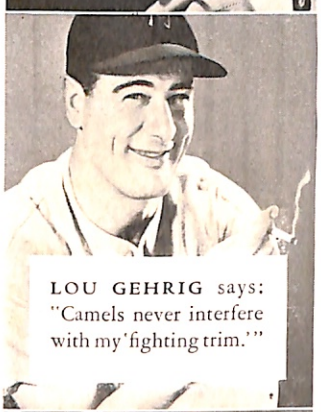
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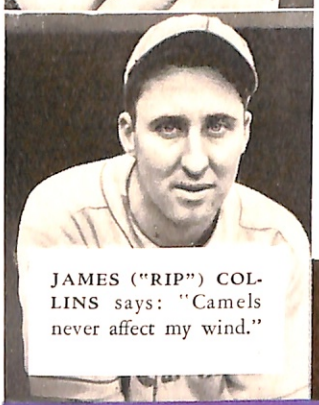
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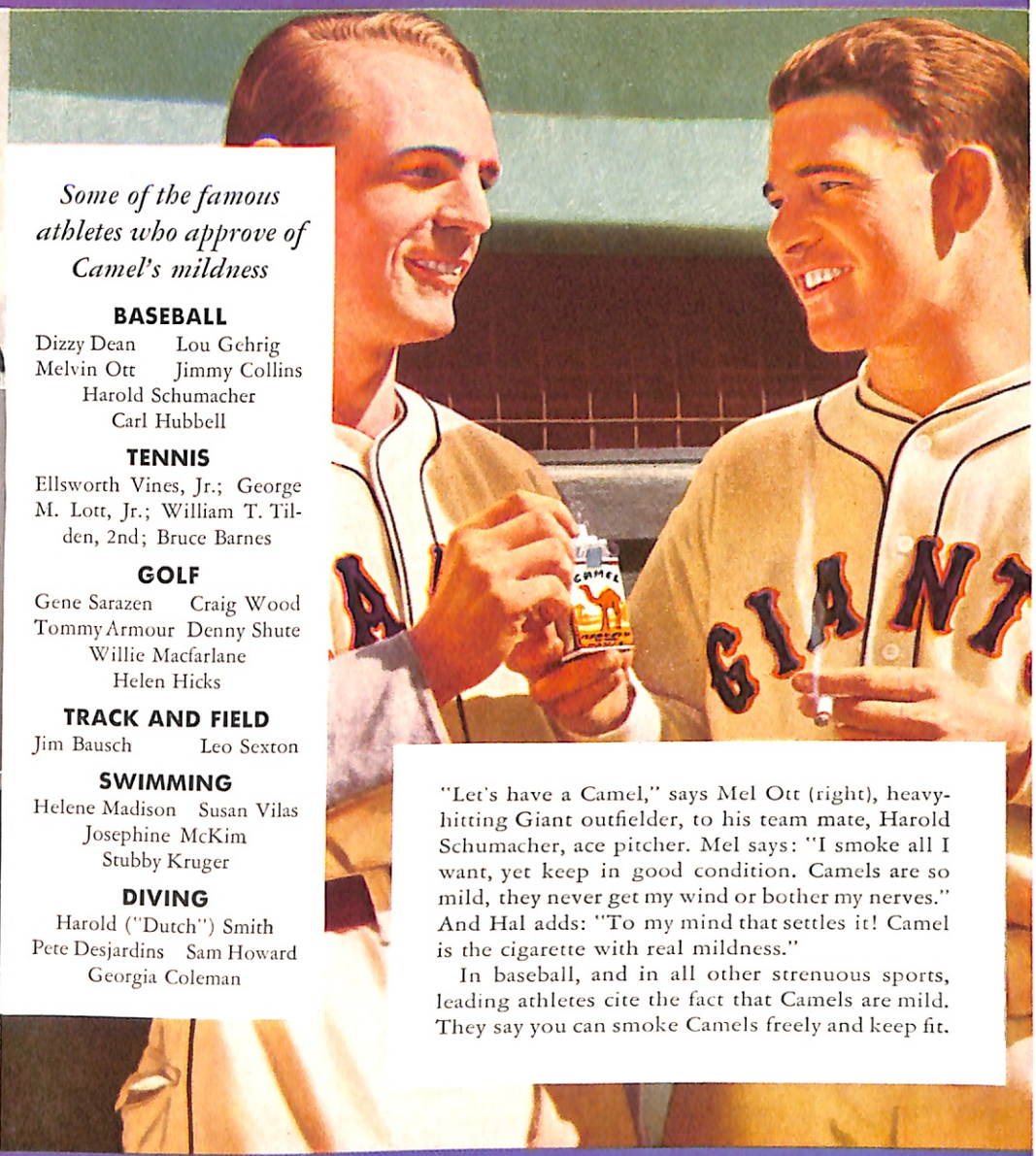
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GOLF
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Jim Bausch Leo Sexton

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"Let's have a Camel," says Mel Ott (right), heavy-hitting Giant outfielder, to his team mate, Harold Schumacher, ace pitcher. Mel says: "I smoke all I want, yet keep in good condition. Camels are so mild, they never get my wind or bother my nerves." And Hal adds: "To my mind that settles it! Camel is the cigarette with real mildness."

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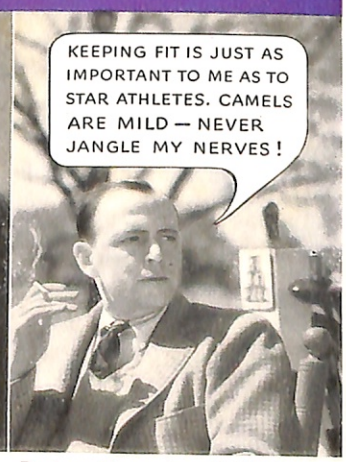


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